JUDGE DREDD

VOLUME 4

13 BADGES

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CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD®

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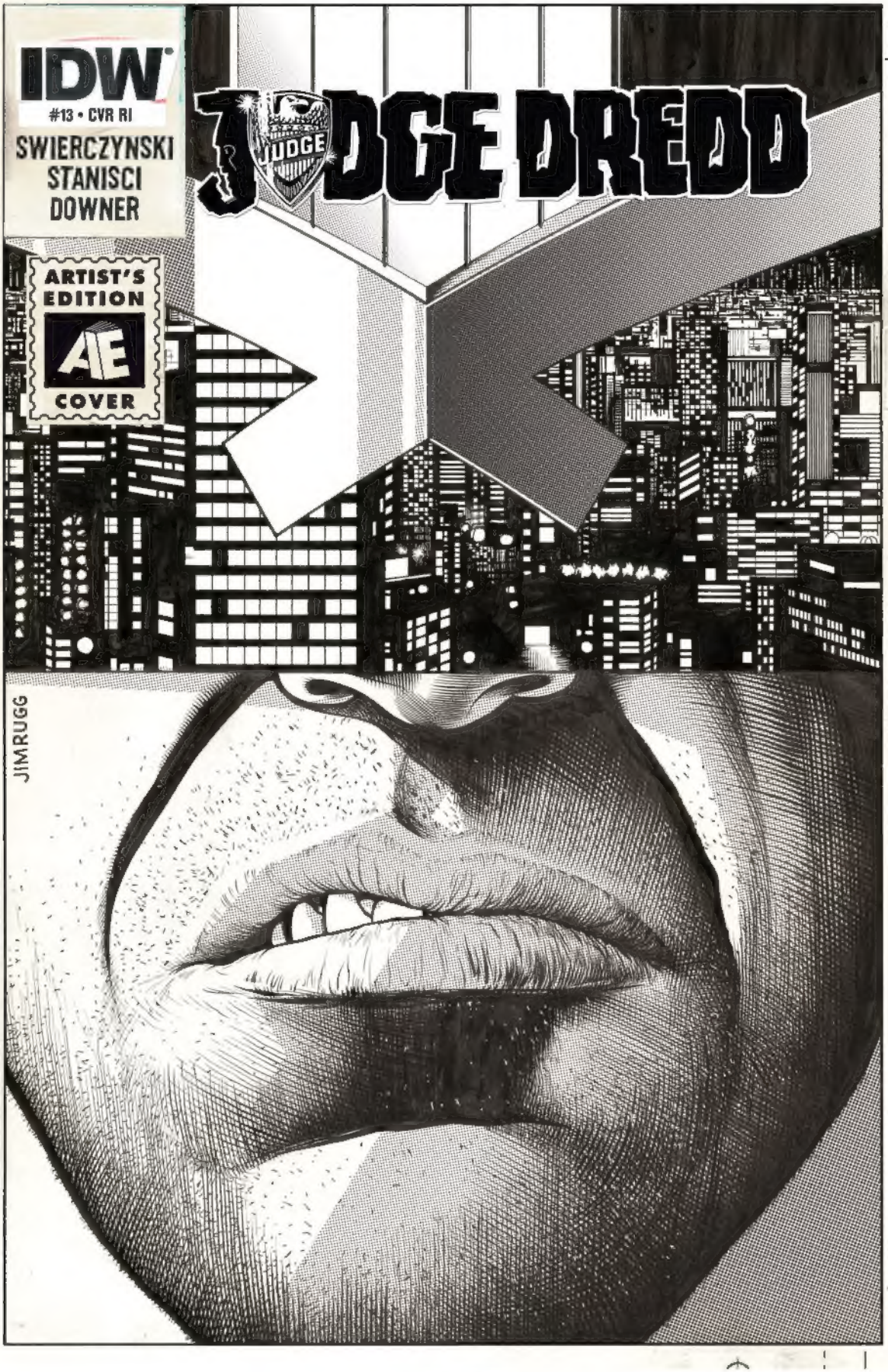
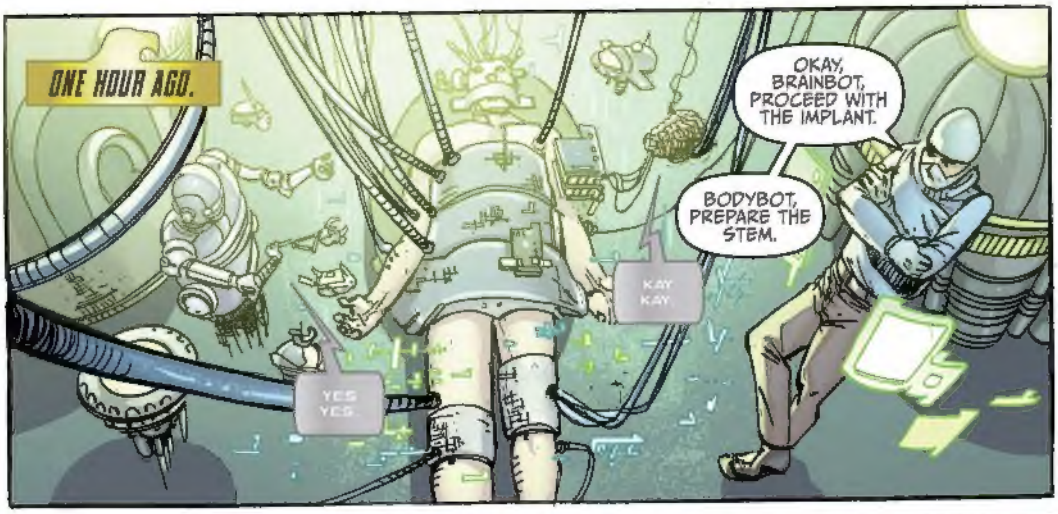


ART BY JIM RUGG

"WELCOME TO MEGA-CITY ONE."
NO... REALLY. THIS IS THE MEG IN THE YEAR 2101.
YEAH, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE MYSELF.
HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? WELL, THAT'S WHAT I'M SITTING HERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT.
I DON'T HAVE ANY OF MY USUAL GEAR TO HELP ME. ALL I'VE GOT IS A PENCIL AND A PAD OF PAPER.
YES. REAL PAPER, UNBELIEVABLY ENOUGH.
BEST AS I CAN REMEMBER, THE CITY WAS HURLED BACK IN TIME ABOUT AN HOUR AGO...

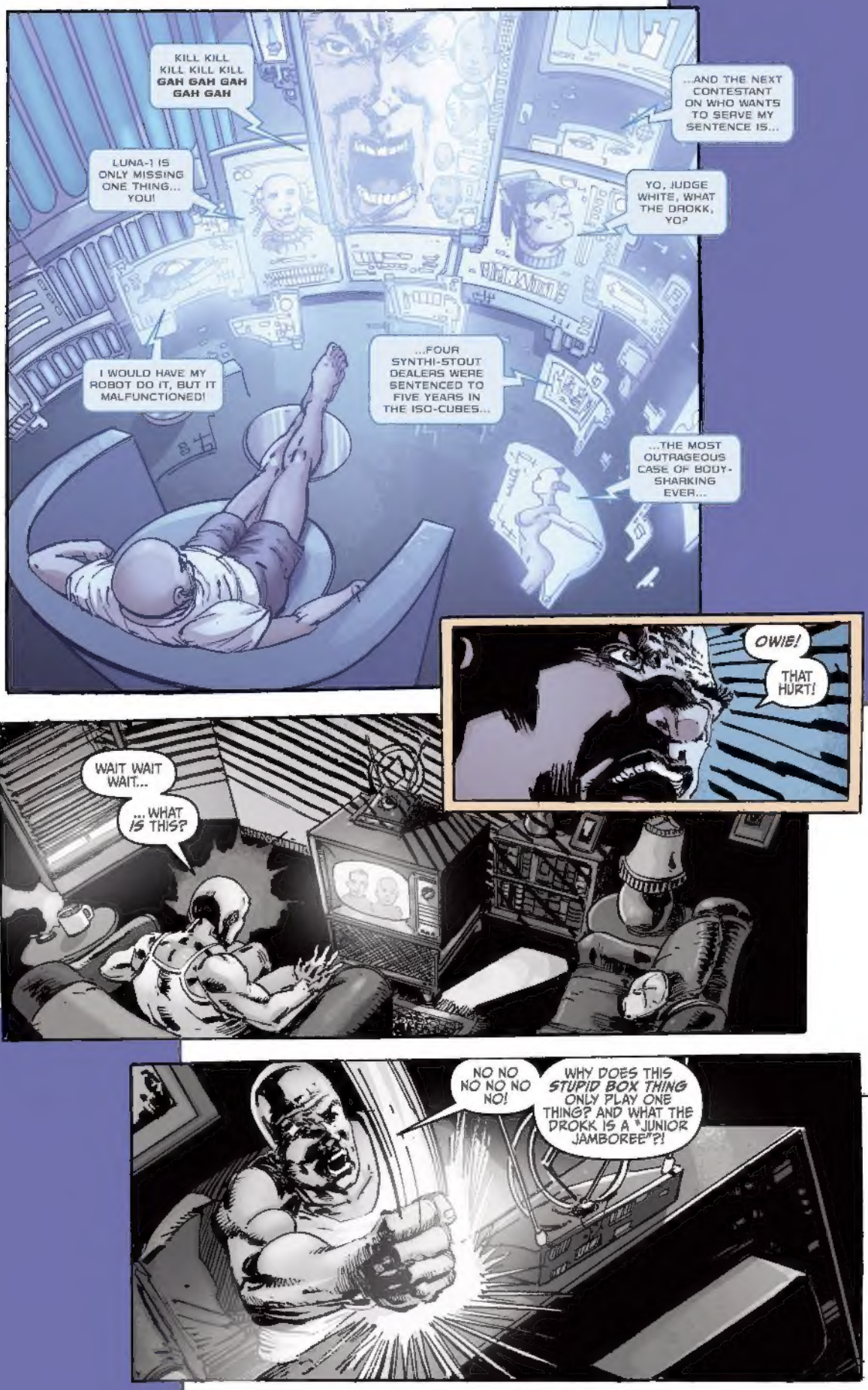

ONE HOUR AGO.
OKAY, BRAINBOT, PROCEED WITH THE IMPLANT.
BODYBOT, PREPARE THE STEM.
KAY KAY
YES YES

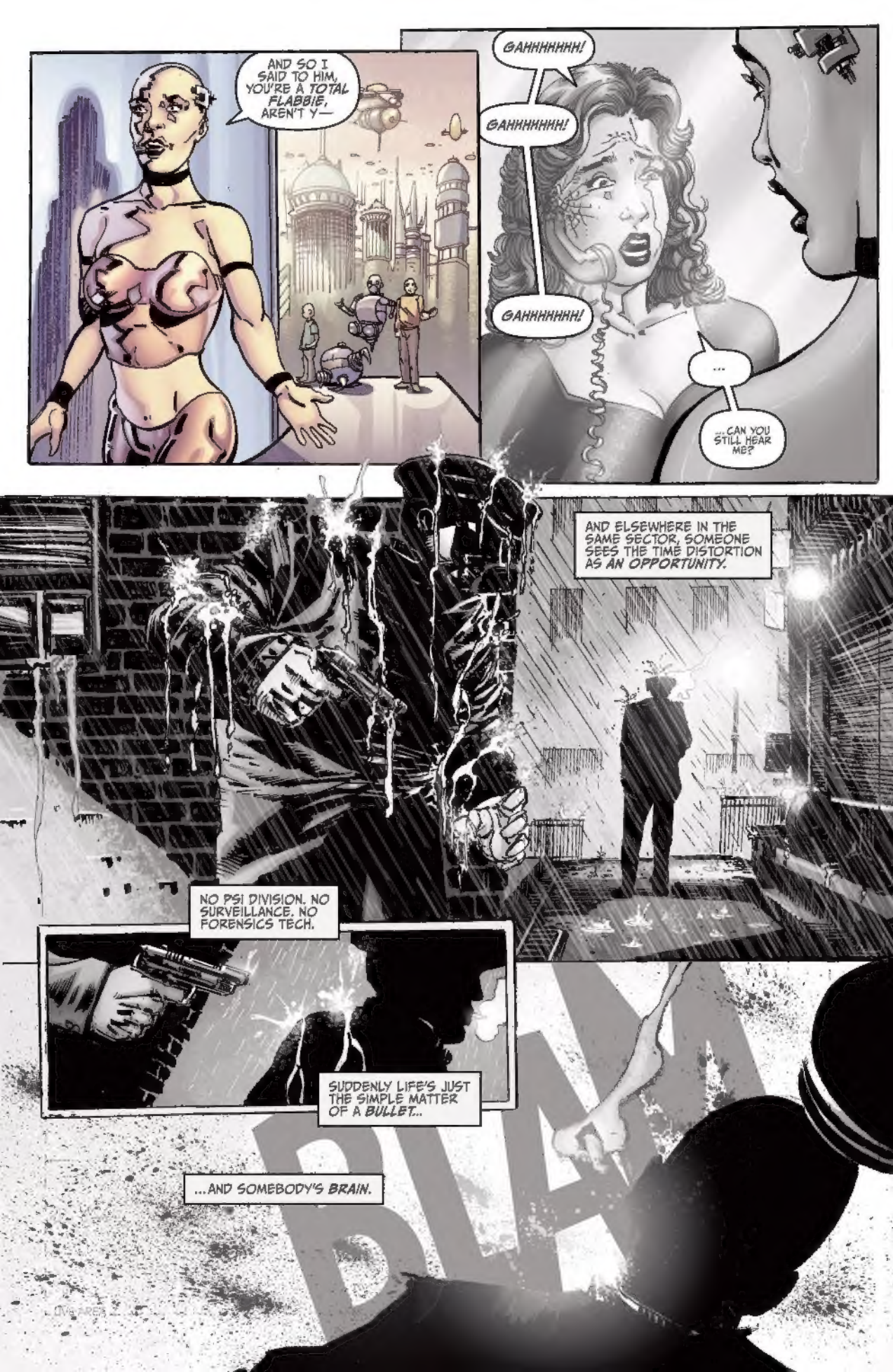
OW!
BRAINBOT, WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH MR. GANGEMI THERE, I WANT YOU TO RUN A QUICK SCAN OF MY OCCIPITAL LOBE.
FELT LIKE I WAS JUST STABBED UP THERE...

WHAT THE DROKK?

BRAINBOT? WHERE DID YOU GO?
I DEMAND A RESPONSE!

OH, MR. GANGEMI!
KEEP THINKING POSITIVE THOUGHTS!


KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL **GAH GAH GAH GAH GAH**
LUNA-1 IS ONLY MISSING ONE THING... YOU!
I WOULD HAVE MY ROBOT DO IT, BUT IT MALFUNCTIONED!
...FOUR SYNTHI-STOUT DEALERS WERE SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IN THE ISO-CUBES...
...AND THE NEXT CONTESTANT ON WHO WANTS TO SERVE MY SENTENCE IS...
YO, JUDGE WHITE, WHAT THE DROKK, YO?
...THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS CASE OF BODY-SHARKING EVER...
OWIE!
THAT HURT!
WAIT WAIT WAIT...
...WHAT *IS* THIS?
NO NO NO NO NO!
WHY DOES THIS *STUPID BOX THING* ONLY PLAY ONE THING? AND WHAT THE DROKK IS A "JUNIOR JAMBOREE"?!


AND SO I SAID TO HIM, YOU'RE A TOTAL FLABBIE, AREN'T Y—
GAHHHHHHH!
GAHHHHHHH!
GAHHHHHHH!
...
...CAN YOU STILL HEAR ME?
AND ELSEWHERE IN THE SAME SECTOR, SOMEONE SEES THE TIME DISTORTION AS AN OPPORTUNITY.
NO PSI DIVISION. NO SURVEILLANCE. NO FORENSICS TECH.
SUDDENLY LIFE'S JUST THE SIMPLE MATTER OF A BULLET...
...AND SOMEBODY'S BRAIN.

CONTROL, I'M HERE. I'LL REPORT BACK AS SOON I FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.
BUT I THINK WE'RE LOOKING AT MORE OF THIS *TECH FAIL* BUSINESS.
OVER AND—
UHNW!
DREDD, ARE YOU...
TSSCCCHHHHHHHH
KLICK

JUDGE JOSEPH DREDD IN...
French for Black
SCREEN STORY BY DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
DIRECTED BY JOHN STANISCI
VISUAL EFFECTS BY STEPHEN DOWNER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY CHRIS RYALL
DROKK ME...

AAIIIIIEEEEEEEE!
WHAT IS THIS ON MY BODY?
GRJD, WE'VE DEVOLVED NTO SAVAGES! LOOK AT ALL OF US!
HEY! PIPE DOWN OR FACE A WEEK IN THE ISO-CUBES.
ISO-CUBES? WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, MR. JOHN Q. LAW?
WE'VE BEEN PLUNGED BACK INTO THE DARK AGES!
LOOK AROUND YOU! CIVILIZATION HAS COME UNDONE!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF GRJD S THIS?
THAT'S IT.. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR INCITING PANIC. THIRTY DAYS IN THE CUBES!
CONTROL, F YOU CAN HEAR ME, I'VE GOT A PICKUP. WOMAN, LATE ZOS, N AN UGLY HOUSEDRESS FROM THE LAST CENTURY.

CONTROL! CAN YOJ READ ME?
STOMM.. GJESS THIS PAPER CITATION IS BETTER THAN NOTHING.
I'LL BE BACK TO HAUL YOJ TO THE CUBES WHEN THIS GL TCH S SORTED OUT.
OH YEAH? HERE'S WHAT I TH NK OF YOUR TICKET, FASCIST!
SNORT
YEAH! YOL TELL H M! DOWN WITH THE FASCISTS! BOO HISSSSSS!
THIS RIDICULOUS UNIFORM— IT DOESN'T COMMAND RESPECT!
HOW D D THEY ENFORCE THE LAW BACK N THE 20TH?

APPARENTLY THIS IS A "CIGARETTE."
NEVER HAD ONE BEFORE. ONLY READ ABOUT THEM N STORIES.
LAST THING I REMEMBER BEFORE THE CHRONO-ANOMALY WAS WORKING ON A WAY TO CONTAIN THE EFFECTS OF THE SO-CALLED "LONG FAIL."
THE DEA WAS THAT I'D NFECT THE CITY'S SYSTEMS WITH A RETRO VIRUS THAT WOULD CAUSE IT TO RESET ITSELF BACK TO ONE MONTH AGO--BEFORE THE NEFARIOUS C RCU T COURT TOOK CONTROL.
"BUT INSTEAD, THE RETRO VIRUS SPREAD THROUGH THIS SECTOR AND RESET US...
"...ALL THE WAY BACK TO 1947, BEST I CAN TELL."
NOW I'M RUNN NG THE NUMBERS AGA N, THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY--S NCE COMPUTERS DON'T SEEM TO EXIST ANYMORE.

"PRAYING I CAN NUMBER-CRUNCH A WAY OUT OF THIS RETRO NIGHTMARE."
"TSSHH"
"TSSSHHHH"
DREDD *TSSHHHHH* IS CONTROL. WE'VE GOT REPORTS OF HOMICIDE IN YOUR SECTOR. SENDING THE COORDINATES TO YOUR LAWMASTER.
CONTROL... UH, DO YOU HAVE A STREET INTERSECTION BY CHANCE?
CAN YOU REPEAT *TSSSHHHHH* DREDD?

WHO FOJND H M?
FOUND HIM? WE ALL FOUND HIM. THERE WAS A WEIRD NOISE, AND WHEN WE LOOKED AROUND, RUBEN WAS ALREADY ON THE GROUND.
TIME WENT ALL SCREWY. WE HEARD A POP, AND THERE HE WAS, DEAD AS A BAG OF HAMMERS.
"BAG OF HAMMERS?" WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN? WHY DID I SAY THAT?
WHAT IS TH S PLACE? I MEAN, WHAT WAS IT BEFORE THE ANOMALY?
AN ORGAN BANK—HUMAN ONLY. THE OWNERS DON'T TRUST THE DROID GUARDS MJCH THESE DAYS, SO THEY RECRUITED JS.
THE OWNERS GAVE YOU WEAPONS?

JUST THESE LITTLE STINGER THINGS MEANT TO SHORT-CIRCUIT A RAMPAGING DROID. ONLY NOW IT LOOKS LIKE A—
ANYTHING MISSING FROM THE VAULT?
HOW COULD WE TELL? THERE'S A BUNCH OF COINS AND PAPER MONEY INSTEAD OF LIVERS AND SPLEENS.
THEN ONE OF YOU KILLED HIM.
REMOVE YOUR WEAPONS SLOWLY, TWO FINGERS ON THE BUTT.
WHAT?!
HOW DO WE KNOW HE'S EVEN A JUDGE?
YEAH, THAT'S NOT EVEN A JUDGE'S UNIFORM.
THIS IS ALL A DREAM.
A CRAZY, DISH-RAN-AWAY-WITH-THE-SPOON DREAM...

I DON'T DREAM.
AND THE WORLD MAY APPEAR STRANGE, BUT THE LAW IS THE LAW.
YEAH, WELL MAYBE YOUR LAW DOESN'T APPLY RIGHT NOW.
MAYBE WE'RE IN A TIME WHEN THE LAW IS DIFFERENT.
ARE YOU QUESTIONING ME?
FAILURE TO COOPERATE WITH A JUDGE MEANS SERIOUS CUBE TIME.
NOW PULL 'EM AND CRACK 'EM OPEN!
OKAY, OKAY..
YOU FIRED THIS WEAPON, DIDN'T YOU?

W-W-WHO? HEH HEH... ME?
KRAK
HNUH!
GRJD.. PLUMMER SHOT RUBEN?!
THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT...
...WE NEED TO STOP HIM AND F GJRE OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED
UGH, I JJST CAN'T SHOOT PLJMMER!
ME NE.THER...
LEAVE IT TO ME.

THIS IS A DREAM, THIS IS A DREAM...
..THIS IS THE REALEST DREAM I'VE EVER DREAMED
CONTROL— ARE YOU STILL THERE?
TSSHHHH GO AHEAD, DREDD. *TSSHHHH*
I NEED A FIX ON MY PERP.
THE TRACKING'S WEIRD. IS SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENING IN THAT SECTOR?
NEVER MIND, CONTROL.

GO AHEAD. DO IT. DO IT.
WHEN ELSE WILL YOU GET THE CHANCE TO DO IT?
BLAM BLAM
BLAM
SPAK SPAK
SPAK
MY ARM IS NJMB, AND I SEE BLOOD... BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A BULLET WOUND.
FEELS MORE LKE A STING
"TSSHHHH" DREDD, WE HAVE COORDINATES FOR YOU...

I JUST SHOT A JUDGE I JUST SHOT A JUDGE!
THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING DREAM EVEN THOUGH I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. I HAVEN'T BEEN WATCHING ANY--
--OLD NOIRS OR ANYTHING...
KRESSHHH

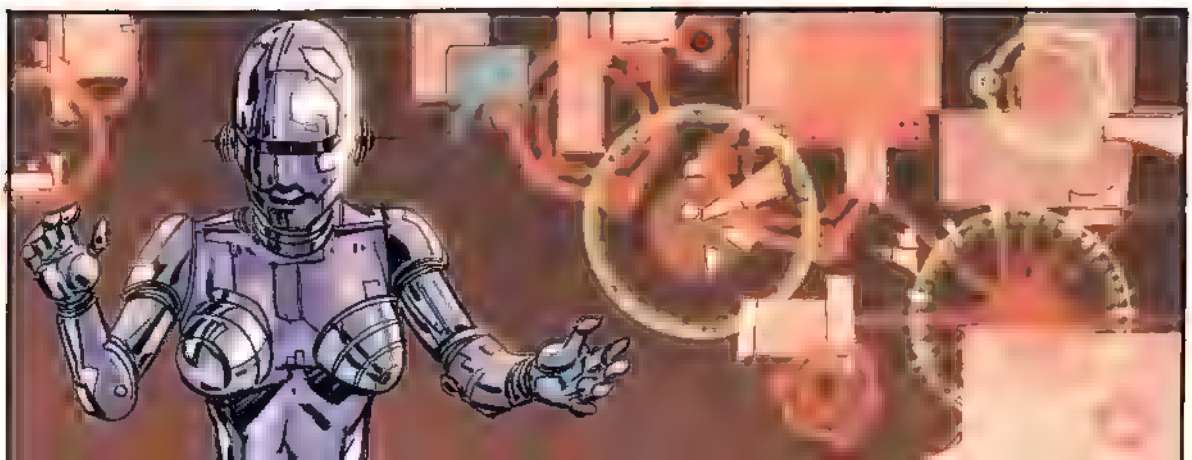
UNNNHHHHH...
OKAY. WAKE UP NOW. COME ON.
I WANNA WAKE UP I WANNA WAKE UP I WANNA WAKE UP
THIS IS NOT A DREAM. SOMETHING'S MESSING WITH OUR PERCEPTION. THIS IS STILL THE REAL WORLD, AND YOU DIDN'T SHOOT ME—YOU STUNG ME.
WHATEVER'S GOING ON, I'M TAKING YOU IN.

BJT HONESTLY, WE'RE DREAMING, JUDGE! WE HAVE TO BE! THAT'S WHY I SHOT RUBEN!
DIDN'T YOU EVER DO SOMETHING WEIRD AND UNEXPECTED N A DREAM JUST TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, BECAUSE IT'S ONLY A DREAM, AND THERE ARE NO CONSEQJENCES?
NO.
WE'RE GOING TO WALK UNTIL WE FIND A JAIL.
NOBODY COMM TS A MURDER AND WALKS.
"NOT N MY C TY."
HOTEL
BAR·GRIL
IQ'S

IF THE NUMBERS ARE R GHT, THEN THE RETRO V RJS EFFECT SHOULD WEAR OFF N *MOMENTS.*
SO I'M GO NG TO ENJOY MY LAST FEW PUFFS.

EVEN THOUGH I KNOW THE SMOKE I'M DRAWING INTO MY LUNGS ISN'T REAL, AND THERE IS NO CARC NOGEN C EFFECT.
ST LL, IT'S N CE TO IMAG NE I'M *KILLING MYSELF* ONE NHALATION AT A T ME

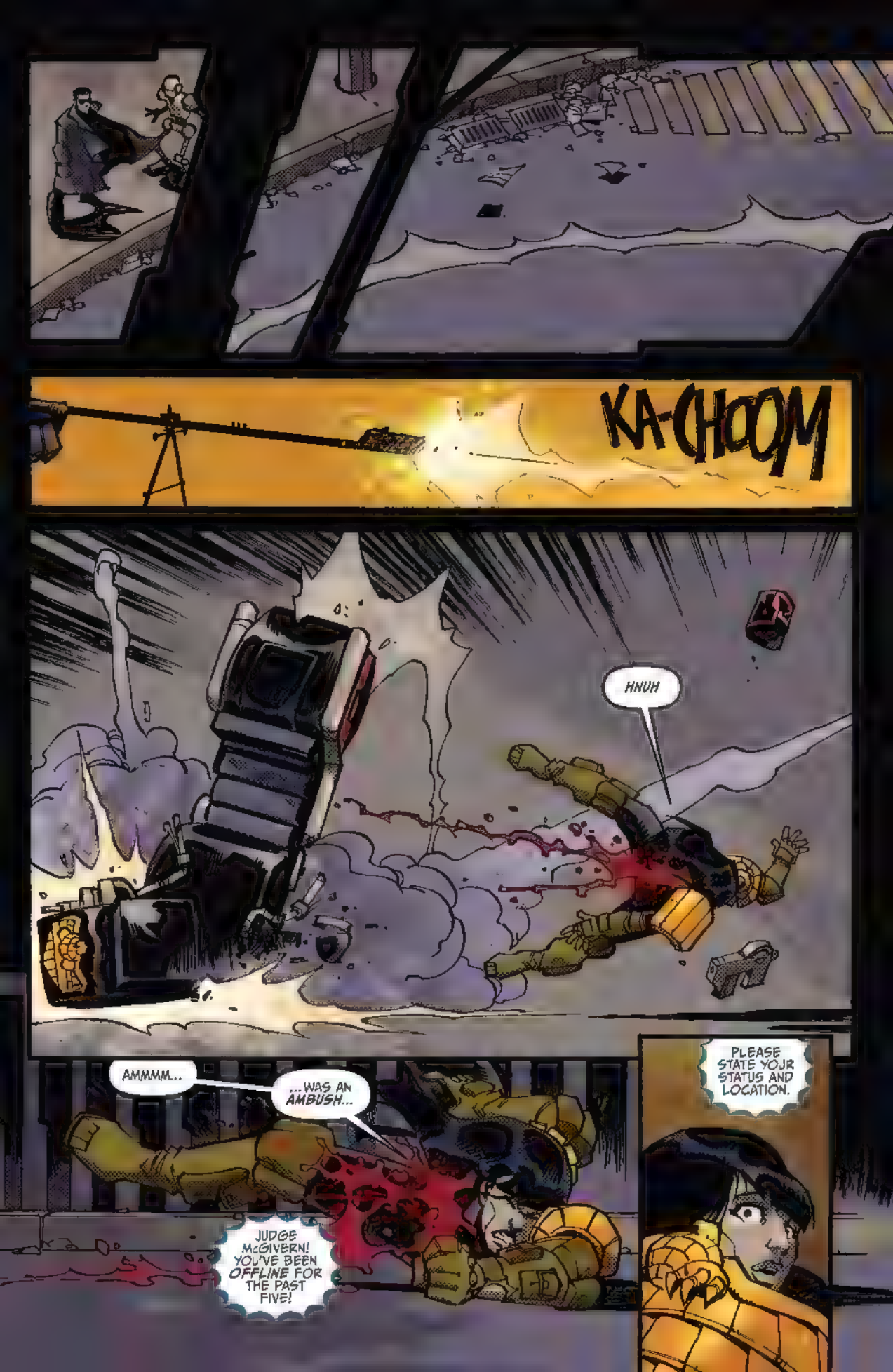
THERE'S A *WORD* FOR IT. SOMETHING FRENCH FOR BLACK. WHAT IS IT...?



OH, THANK GRJD, IT WAS JUST A DREAM AFTER ALL!
SEE, JUDGE? I TOLD YOU SO?
CONTROL, I'VE GOT A P CKUP FOR YOU. SEND A UNIT TO MY LOCAT ON. THIS GUY'S GO NG AWAY FOR 10 TO 20.
OOOF!
EVERYTHING OKAY, DREDD? WE WERE PICKING UP SOME REALLY STRANGE TIME SIGNATURES FROM YOUR SECTOR...
...
RIGHT?
"IT'S NOTH NG, CONTROL.
"ANC ENT HISTORY."
End.

ART BY **ANDREW CURRIE** ★ COLORS BY **STEPHEN DOWNER**

MEGA-CITY ONE. SECTOR 13.
NIGHT.
JUDGE McGIVERN, WE HAVE A REPORT OF ORGAN LEGGERS IN SECTOR 13.
INTERSECTION?
THE CORNER OF FORD AND LANG.
YOU'RE THE ONLY JUDGE IN RANGE.
COPY, CONTROL. ON MY WAY.

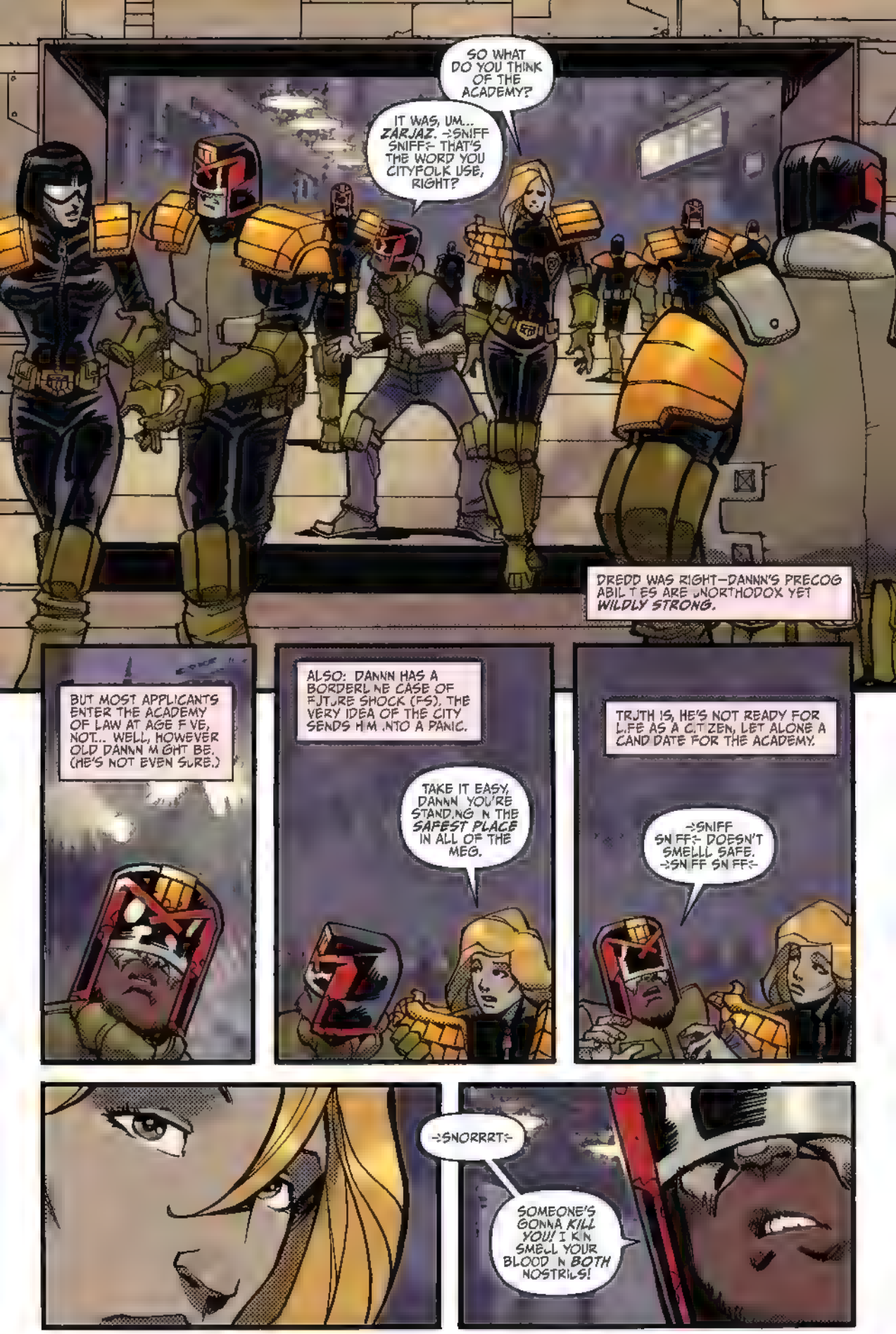

KA-CHOOM
HNUH
AMMMM...
...WAS AN AMBUSH...
JUDGE McGIVERN! YOU'VE BEEN OFFLINE FOR THE PAST FIVE!
PLEASE STATE YOJR STATUS AND LOCATION.

WHERE ARE THESE LEGGERS? THIS INTERSECTION IS QUIET.
CONTROL? PLEASE CONFIRM...
...CONTROL?
JUDGE McGIVERN! PLEASE RESPOND!
NINE.
KA CHOOM
PANG
BOOM
PART I
McGIVERN

PULL HIM OUT.
JOSEPH DREDD! YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH SLUMBER FOR NOW.
CLIMB ON UP OUT OF THERE.
JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. SLEEP MACHINE UNIT.
YOU'VE GOT SOME ANSWERING TO DO.
WHAT DO YOU NEED TO KNOW, JUDGE CAL?
LET'S START WITH A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF YOUR WHEREABOUTS THE PAST NINE DAYS.
I'VE SPENT TWO AND A HALF DAYS IN THAT MACHINE. BEFORE THAT, I WAS IN THE CURSED EARTH.
NEXT QUEST ON?
I HEAR TALK AROUND THE DEPARTMENT THAT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAVED THOSE SECTORS FROM THE LONG FAIL.
PEOPLE SAYING YOU'RE SOME KIND OF HERO.
I WAS DOING MY JOB.
YEAH? SO WERE THE OTHER NINE.

OTHER NINE WHO?
JUDGES—ALL KILLED OVER THE PAST EIGHT DAYS. BUT YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP OR ON YOUR LITTLE VACATION. GUESS I CAN'T FAULT YOU FOR THAT.
WHAT?!
NUMBER NINE WAS JUDGE WILLA McGIVERN, 11 YEARS ON THE JOB, AMBUSHED IN SECTOR 13 JUST THREE HOURS AGO
SEE, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE MUCH OF A HERO AT ALL.
WOULD A HERO STAND BY WHILE HIS FELLOW JUDGES ARE BEING PICKED OFF ONE BY ONE?
IF YOU THINK I'M GUILTY OF SOMETHING, SENTENCE ME.

OH, WE DON'T THINK *YOU* DID IT. BUT YOU COULD HAVE PREVENTED IT.
SEE, THE PERPETRATOR KNOWS A LOT ABOUT THE ROUTINES OF STREET JUDGES. WE STRONGLY BELIEVE THE KILLER *IS ONE OF US.*
TARJAY.
"THAT'S RIGHT. *JUDGE TARJAY.* WHO WENT A LITTLE SOFT IN THE HEAD AFTER HIS INCARCERATION AT THE HANDS OF THE SURGEONS.
"THE RENEGADE JUDGE YOU *FAILED* TO CAPTURE, FOR WHATEVER REASON."
SO LET'S GO BACK TO MY OFFICE AND TALK ABOUT YOUR LITTLE DROKK UP, HERO.
LET ME GET BACK ON THE STREETS. I CAN FIND TARJAY.
WHILE I APPRECIATE THAT, I THINK YOU'RE ABOUT *NINE CORPSES TOO LATE.*
COME ALONG NOW. WE'VE GOT *MUCH* TO DISCUSS.


SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE ACADEMY?
IT WAS, UM... ZARJAZ. -:SNIFF SNIFF:- THAT'S THE WORD YOU CITYFOLK USE, RIGHT?
DREDD WAS RIGHT—DANNN'S PRECOG ABILITIES ARE UNORTHODOX YET WILDLY STRONG.
BUT MOST APPLICANTS ENTER THE ACADEMY OF LAW AT AGE FIVE, NOT... WELL, HOWEVER OLD DANNN MIGHT BE. (HE'S NOT EVEN SURE.)
ALSO: DANNN HAS A BORDERLINE CASE OF FUTURE SHOCK (FS). THE VERY IDEA OF THE CITY SENDS HIM INTO A PANIC.
TAKE IT EASY, DANNN. YOU'RE STANDING IN THE SAFEST PLACE IN ALL OF THE MEG.
TRUTH IS, HE'S NOT READY FOR LIFE AS A CITIZEN, LET ALONE A CANDIDATE FOR THE ACADEMY.
-:SNIFF SNIFF:- DOESN'T SMELLL SAFE. -:SNIFF SNIFF:-
-:SNORRRT:-
SOMEONE'S GONNA KILL YOU! I KIN SMELL YOUR BLOOD IN BOTH NOSTRILS!

I FEEL IT TOO. BUT WHO'D BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO TAKE A SHOT *HERE*...

...SURROUNDED BY *DOZENS* OF JUDGES AND TRAINEES?

OH STOMMM.

KA-CHOOM

UGHHH

CHOK

CONTROL! WE'VE GOT A *SNIPER* IN FRONT OF THE ACADEMY!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

FOCUS ON YOUR BREATHING.

THE MED DROIDS WILL BE HERE IN MOMENTS.

IF I BREATHE THROUGH MY NOSE ALL I SMELL IS *DEATH*.

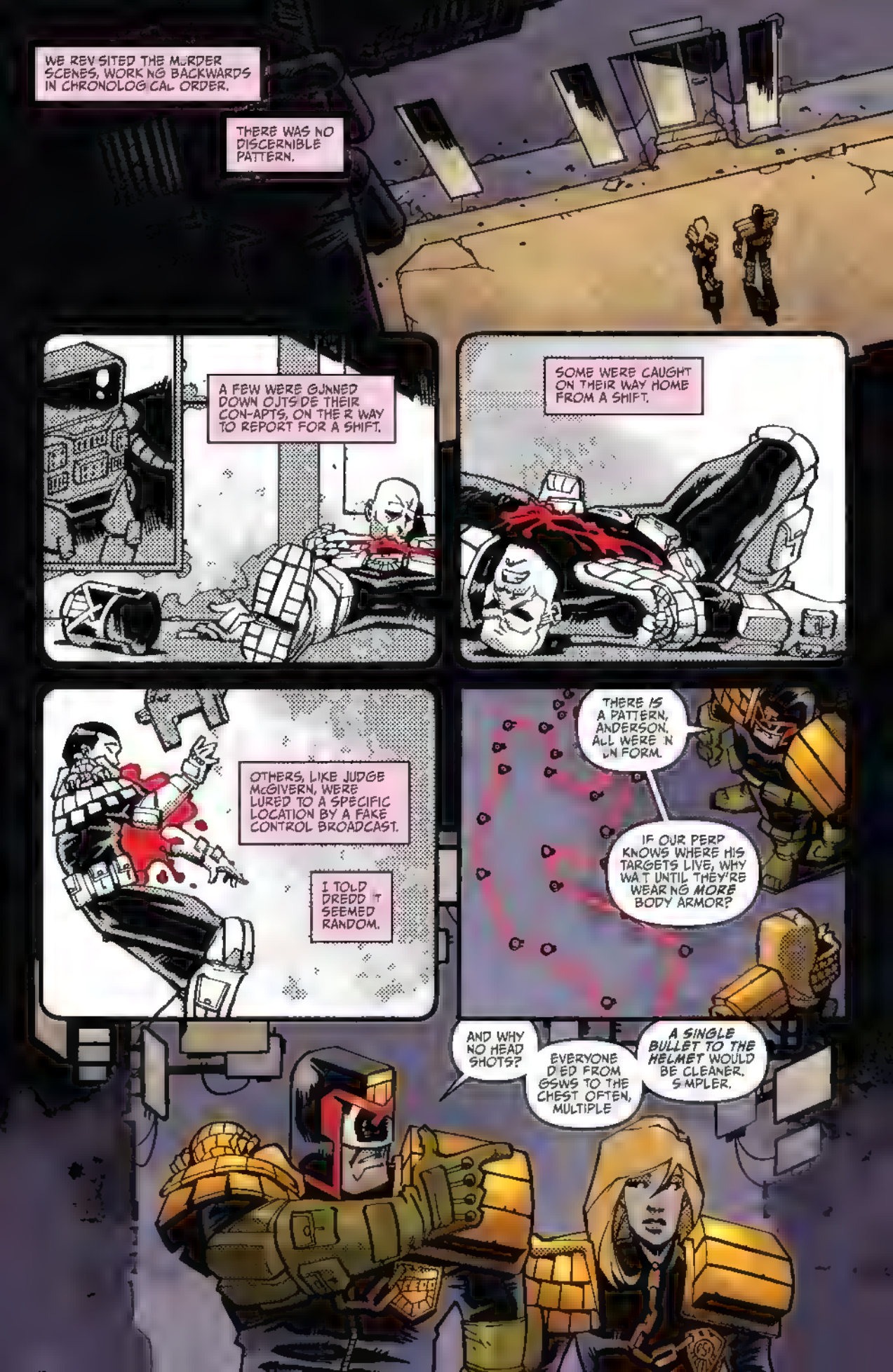
I DON'T HAVE MANY MOMENTS LEFT, JUDGE.

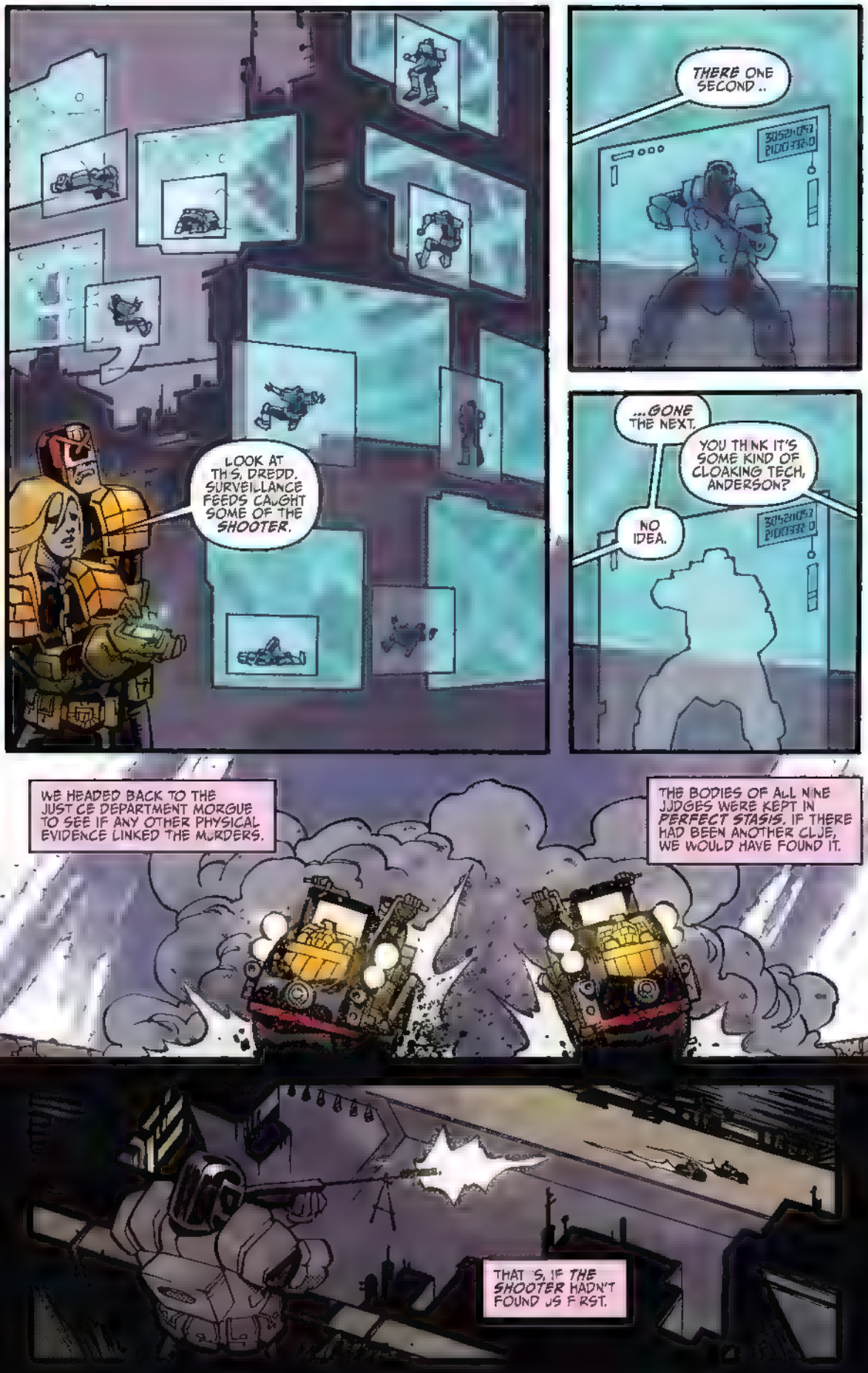
DREDD, IF YOU'RE OUT THERE, COME QUICK. YOUR FRIEND IS DYING.

...WARN MY OLD PARTNER I'M SNIFFING DEATH FOR HIM, TOO.. HE'S EITHER GONNNA *DIE* OR END UP ON THE *MOON*...

IS HE...?
HE IS.
THE SJS THINKS JUDGE TARJAY'S BEHIND THESE MURDERS.
I NEED YOUR HELP FINDING HIM. HE'S BEEN TAKING PSI-BLOCKERS, BUT I KNOW YOU CAN PUSH YOUR WAY PAST THEM.
MAYBE... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SJS?
WHAT ABOUT THEM?
TARJAY JUST TRIED TO KILL YOU, ANDERSON. HE NEEDS TO ANSWER FOR HIS CRIMES.
"HE NEEDS TO ANSWER TO ME"
NOT GETTING MUCH HERE, DREDD. SHOCK. CONFUSION. FEAR. EMOTIONS RUNNING ON OVERDRIVE...
FOUND SOMETHING.

GRUD. WHAT WAS THIS DOING IN THE SEWER?
THE BLAST MUST HAVE KNOCKED IT OFF HER UNIFORM.
SHE RECEIVED ORDERS FROM CONTROL TO REPORT TO THIS LOCATION. ORGAN LEGGERS, MAKING A GETAWAY...
NO SHE DIDN'T. I CHECKED THE FEED.
CONTROL SPENT THREE-POINT-FIVE MINUTES TRYING TO REACH McGIVERN, WHO SEEMED NOT TO BE ABLE TO HEAR THEM.
SO IT'S EITHER SOMEONE INSIDE CONTROL—
OR SOMEONE HACKING INTO THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
TARJAY WAS A STREET JUDGE. HE WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO HACK INTO THE SYSTEM.


WE REVISITED THE MURDER SCENES, WORKING BACKWARDS IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.
THERE WAS NO DISCERNIBLE PATTERN.
A FEW WERE GUNNED DOWN OUTSIDE THEIR CON-APTS, ON THEIR WAY TO REPORT FOR A SHIFT.
SOME WERE CAUGHT ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM A SHIFT.
OTHERS, LIKE JUDGE McGIVERN, WERE LURED TO A SPECIFIC LOCATION BY A FAKE CONTROL BROADCAST.
I TOLD DREDD IT SEEMED RANDOM.
THERE IS A PATTERN, ANDERSON. ALL WERE IN UN FORM.
IF OUR PERP KNOWS WHERE HIS TARGETS LIVE, WHY WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE WEARING MORE BODY ARMOR?
AND WHY NO HEAD SHOTS?
EVERYONE DIED FROM GSWS TO THE CHEST OFTEN, MULTIPLE
A SINGLE BULLET TO THE HELMET WOULD BE CLEANER. SIMPLER.


LOOK AT THIS, DREDD. SURVEILLANCE FEEDS CAUGHT SOME OF THE SHOOTER.
THERE ONE SECOND ..
...GONE THE NEXT.
YOU THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF CLOAKING TECH, ANDERSON?
NO IDEA.
WE HEADED BACK TO THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MORGUE TO SEE IF ANY OTHER PHYSICAL EVIDENCE LINKED THE MURDERS.
THE BODIES OF ALL NINE JUDGES WERE KEPT IN PERFECT STASIS. IF THERE HAD BEEN ANOTHER CLUE, WE WOULD HAVE FOUND IT.
THAT'S IF THE SHOOTER HADN'T FOUND US FIRST.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

IT'S OVER, CREEP! SURRENDER NOW!

WSHHH WSHHH WSHHH

DREDD! BEHIND YOU!

KA-CHOOM KAKA-CHOOM CHOOM

KA-CHOOM KAKA-CHOOM CHOOM

HURK

HU-GUH

GAH

HE'S USING D-JUMP TECH.

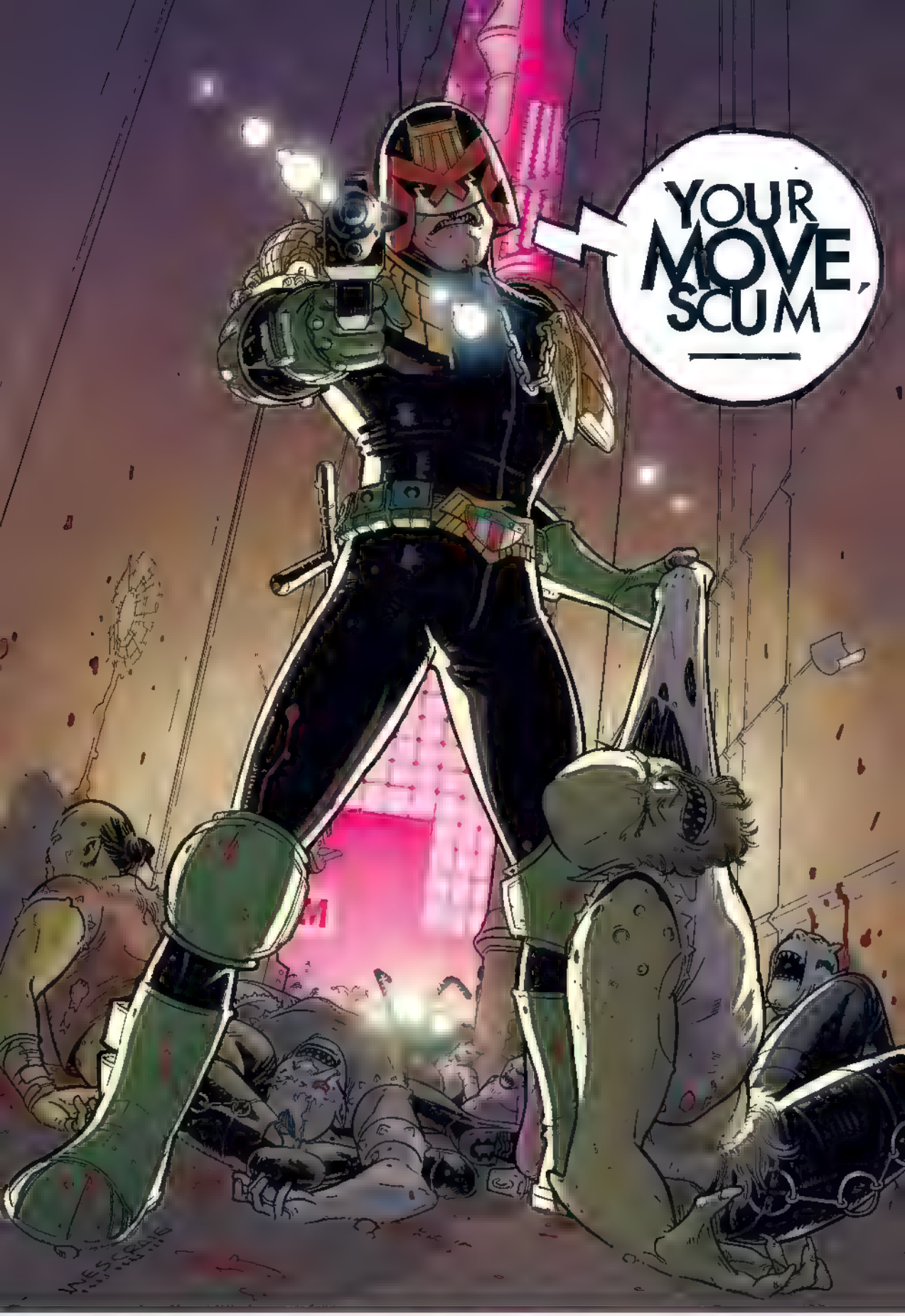
GOTTA DISABLE IT.

TRYING TO REACH INSIDE HIS MIND...

...NO. HE'S GONE.

I SWEAR TO GRUD, ANDERSON, WHEN I FIND TARJAY, I'M GONNA...
YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE, DREDD.

WE TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THIS ALONE.
YOU IGNORED A DIRECT ORDER.
JUDGE DREDD— YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



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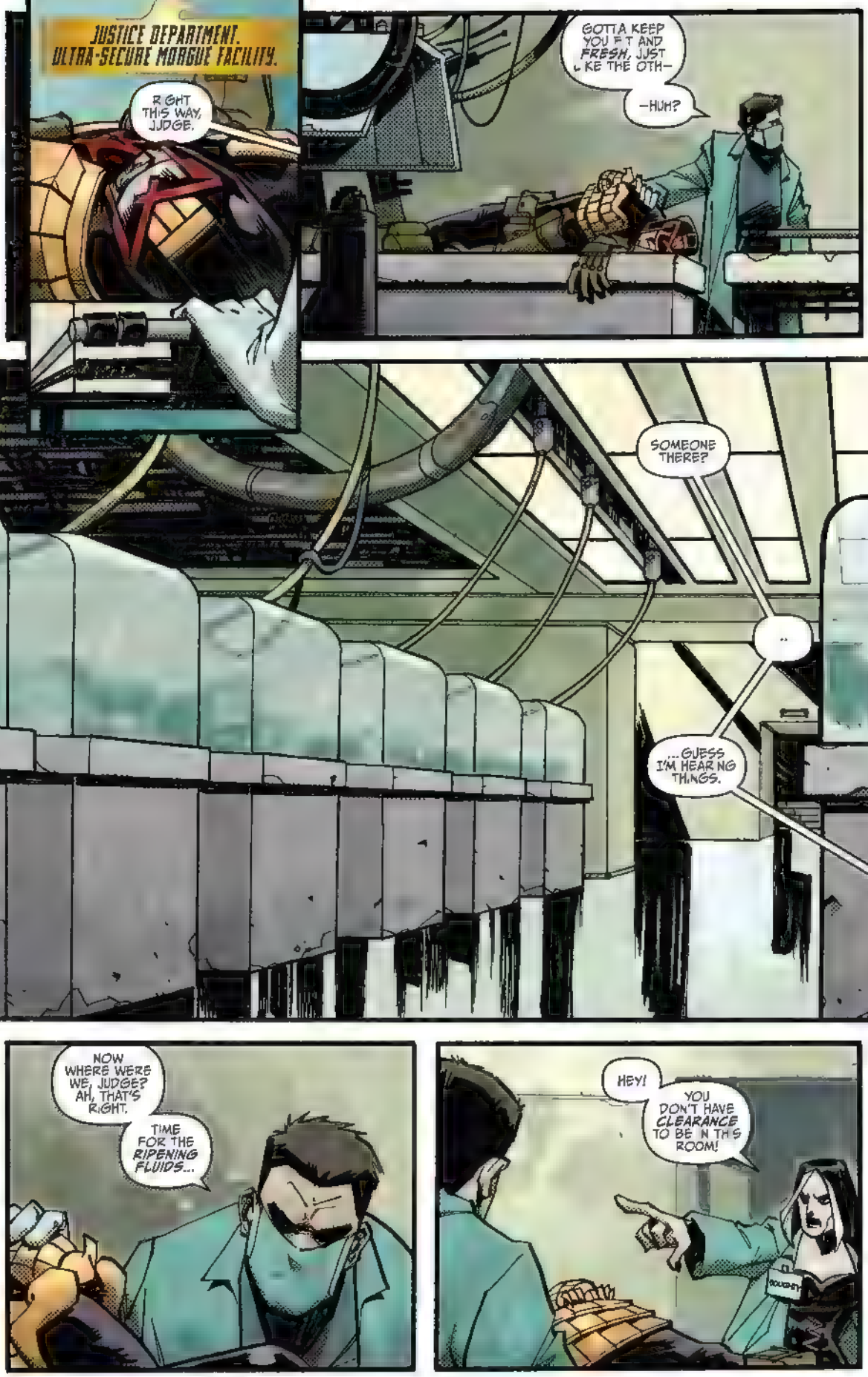

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT. ULTRA-SECURE MORGUE FACILITY.
RIGHT THIS WAY, JUDGE.
GOTTA KEEP YOU F T AND FRESH, JUST K E THE OTH—
—HUH?
SOMEONE THERE?
... GUESS I'M HEAR NG TH NGS.
NOW WHERE WERE WE, JUDGE? AH, THAT'S RIGHT.
TIME FOR THE RIPENING FLUIDS...
HEY!
YOU DON'T HAVE CLEARANCE TO BE N TH S ROOM!
BOUGHT

WELL THEN, WHY DON'T YOU ESCORT ME OUT?
WAIT— STAY AWAY FROM ME!
SLOT
HOLD ON T GHT YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE PART OF YOU LEFT BEHND.
THAT CAN BE K ND OF.. MESSY.
ZZZOK

GET OFF ME, CREEP!
GAH!
YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND.
..AM I HALLUCINATING? WHAT D'D YOU DO TO MY MIND?
ME? I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.
I JUST BROUGHT YOJ TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS.

OH, DROKK!
THEY CALL THIS PLACE DEADWORLD.
OF COURSE, IT'S NO PLACE FOR THE LIVING.
PLEASE! I PROMISE... I WON'T TELL A SOUL!
JUST TAKE ME BACK HOME!
IT WOULDN'T MATTER.
DEATH IS COMING FOR US ALL.
BLAM

TARJAY
SJS HEADQUARTERS. MEGA-CITY ONE.
TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR PARTNER, DREDD.
I'VE TOLD YOU—
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. USELESS BIOGRAPHICAL EPHEMERA.
NO, DREDD, I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. WE WERE COLLEAGUES, NOTHING MORE.
DON'T GIVE ME THAT STOMM. HOW COULD TARJAY EVADE CAPTURE FOR SO LONG WITHOUT HELP FROM THE INSIDE?!
HEART RATE
SKIN TEMPERATURE
BRAIN ACTIVITY
AURA COLOR
AND LET'S NOT FORGET THAT IT WAS YOU AND TARJAY IN THAT HOVERCRAFT FULL OF MONEY. AND ACCORDING TO YOUR TESTIMONY...
...HERE IT IS... JUDGE TARJAY JUST MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED FROM A LOCKED VEHICLE?

TARJAY D DN'T DISAPPEAR. HIS CLONE DISINTEGRATED. THE REAL TARJAY WAS HELD PR SONER AND WENT INSANE.
NOW HE'S GOT D-JUMP TECHNOLOGY AND SJS IS DO NG NOTH NG TO STOP H.M!
TRUTH PROBABILITY: 99,97%
I DON'T WANT YOUR THEOR ES ON HOW WE SHOULD CO DJCT THIS NVEST GAT ON.
I WISH TO FOCUS ON YOUR CONDUCT OF THE PAST YEAR, DREDD...
ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?!
YOU SURE THIS WAS IN SNOWDEN BLOCK?
IT WAS THERE A FEW MONTHS AGO.
I'LL KEEP LOOKING. HOW ARE YOU HOLDING UP IN THERE?

I AM LISTENING, JUDGE CAL.
THE MAN IS IN LOVE WITH THE SOUND OF HIS OWN VOICE
NOTHING HERE NOW SOMEONE HAS TORCHED THE PLACE.
GOOD
GOOD? HOW IS THAT GOOD?
DUANE
LOAN
NEED CASH
HONEST DUANE'S PAWN SHOP
THEY SOLD ILLEGAL AND EXPERMENTAL TECH.
TOO GOLD
GUNS
HAVE NO FEAR
TARJAY WAS ON THE TEAM THAT RAIDED IT LAST YEAR.
THE FACT THAT IT WAS TORCHED MEANS SOMEONE IS COVERING HIS TRACKS.
...AND THEN THERE'S YOUR LITTLE JNAJTHOR ZED EXCURSION INTO THE CURSED EARTH WHERE YOU APPARENTLY SPENT MJCH OF YOUR TIME EATING BAREBECJE AND BUTTER AND GO NG TO AMUSEMENT PARKS...
HANG ON...

...SOMEONE IS HERE.
WE BUY GOLD LOANS
I KNEW ONE OF YOU WOULD TURN JP HERE EVENTUALLY JUST SORRY DREDD DIDN'T JOIN YOJ.
CASH
BLAM
HNUH!
I'M TAKING YOU IN, TARJAY.
I ALWAYS ADMIRED YOUR PROFESSIONALISM, JUDGE ANDERSON.

WHY VENTURE OUT BY YOURSELF WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A RAD CLOAK—
THERE WAS NO TIME. I HAD TO FOLLOW THE CIRCUIT COURT BEFORE THEIR TRAIL DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY.
ANDERSON, ARE YOU THERE?
ANDERSON?
UNAUTHORIZED PSI ACTIVITY IN PROGRESS
JUDGE CAL, DREDD'S IN PSYCHIC CONTACT WITH SOMEONE ON THE OUTSIDE!
PSI ACTIVITY RED FLAG WORDS DETECTED!!!
TARJAY
BACKUP
ANDERSON
I HAVE TARJAY IN CUSTODY WILL BRING HIM IN.
CALL FOR BACKUP, ANDERSON HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED.

TARJAY'S MIND IS A MESS... BEEN ERASED SO MANY TIMES..

YOU SERVE A FALSE BADGE, ANDERSON. THERE'S *REAL* JUSTICE OUT THERE.

LET ME *SHOW* YOU

OH, DROKK...

.. ANDERSON, GET OUT OF THERE!

BLOCK ALL PSI TRANSM.SS.ONS!

I WANT NOTHING BUT *MY WORDS* PENETRATING HIS THICK INSLBORD NATE SKULL!

ANDERSON, ANSWER ME. WHERE ARE YOU?

OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER, DREDD? D D YOU LOSE CONTACT WITH *YOUR PSI DIVISION PARTNER?*

JUDGE ANDERSON'S BEEN YOUR CONNECTION THIS *WHOLE TIME*, HASN'T SHE?

SHE'S MADE IT EASY FOR YOU AND THE FUGITIVE TAR.AY TO STAY N CONSTANT CONTACT *RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES!*

KRANCH

SUBJECT BODY TEMPATURE SPIKING

SUBJECT ADRENALINE LEVELS SURGING

SUBJECT APPROACHING MONITORING AREA.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO RUN

OOPS

TOO

LATE

KRESSHHH

ANDERSON, PLEASE TELL ME YOU ARE STILL OUT THERE.

ANDERSON?

...UGH...

..WHERE ARE WE..

THE PLACE WHERE YOU WILL *DIE* UNLESS YOU GIVE ME DREDD'S EXACT LOCAT ON.

YOU'RE GOING TO K LL ME ANYWAY, TARJAY.

MIGHT AS WE.L TELL ME WHAT ALL OF THIS JUDGE-KILL NG IS ABOUT.

NO - NO NO NO. THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS. YOU'RE IN *MY WORLD* NOW.

AND I'M IN YOUR HEAD NOW

KRAK

SUBDUE HIIIIIIM!

THOK THOK THOK THOK

SNAP

TWAK

KPAW-POP

YOU WANT *BOTH OF US* DEAD. WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW ABOUT YOUR D-JUMP MACHINE...

"YOU WANT TO MAKE JS BADGES 11 AND 12 IN YOUR *GRISLY COLLECTION.*

"BUT WHY? WHAT'S YOUR END GAME? WHY DO YOU NEED A *DOZEN DEAD JUDGES?*

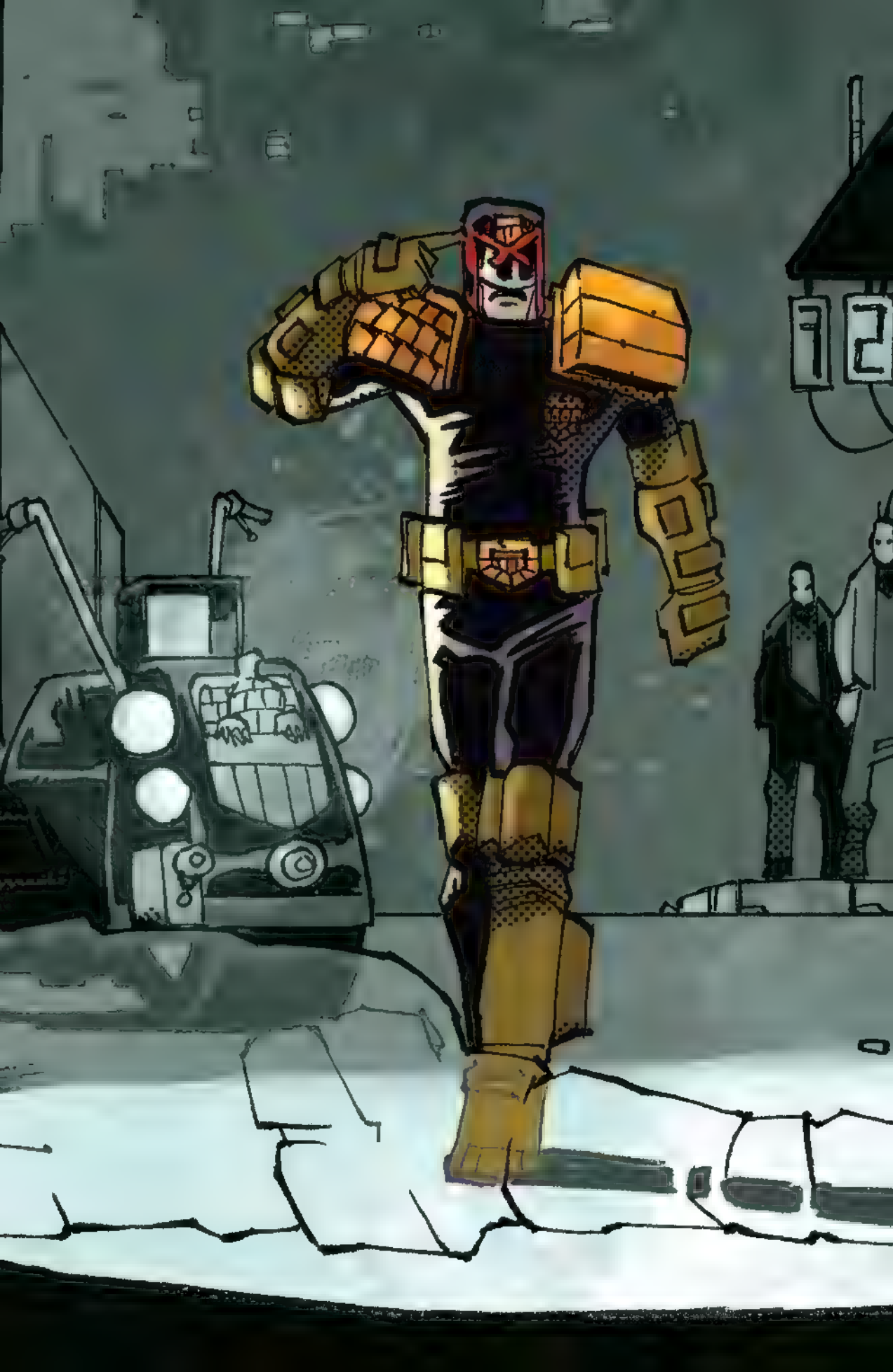
"OH."

OH, NO.

YOU *CAN'T...*

I NEED *13*, ACTUALLY.

AND YOU'RE NUMBER ELEVEN.
BLAM



ART BY INAKI MIRANDA ★ COLORS BY EVA DE LA CRUZ

Processing
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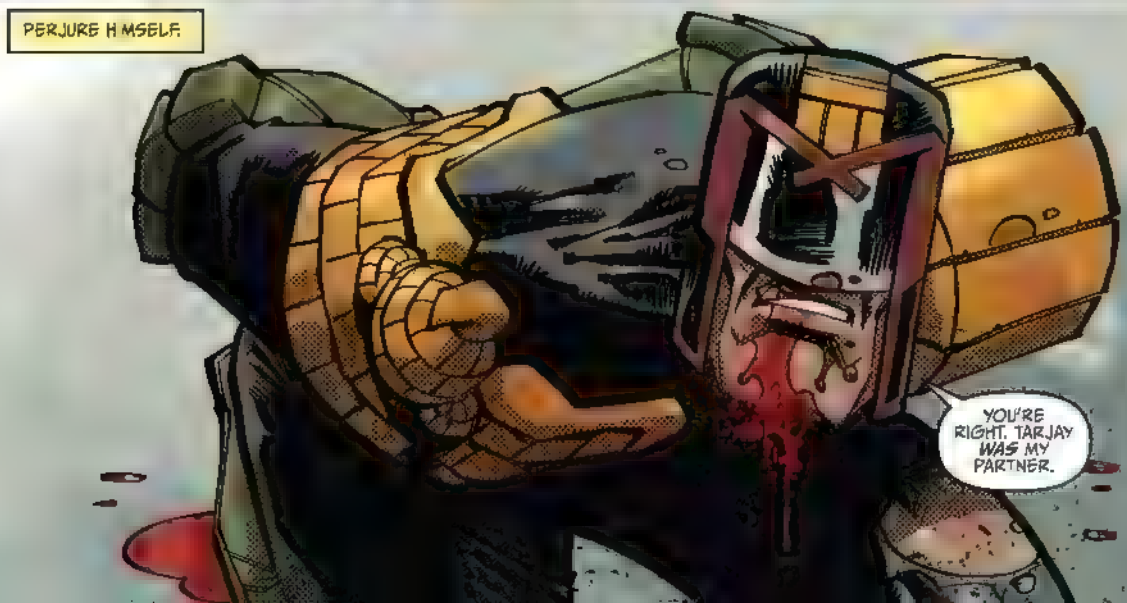
THE BEATING IS SAVAGE, EVEN BY SJS STANDARDS
ENOUGH!
DREDD SEES ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE HIS PARTNER.
I SURRENDER.
13 BADGES.
CONCLUSION
Writer Swierczynski
Artist Daniel
Editor Ryall

BUT YOU NEED TO SEND AS MANY JUDGES TO SECTOR 173 AS FAST AS YOU CAN. JUDGE ANDERSON NEEDS BACKUP NOW.
YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO MAKE DEMANDS.
I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT YOU RECEIVE THE HARSHEST PUNISHMENT POSSIBLE. YOURS WILL BE A CAUTIONARY TALE FOR CORRUPT JUDGES THROUGHOUT THE CITY!
DO WHAT YOU WANT TO ME BUT SEND THAT TEAM NOW!

WHY? SO THE TRAP YOU AND TARJAY SET WILL RESULT IN THE SLAUGHTER OF MY BEST MEN?
JUDGE CAL CANNOT BE SWAYED WITH THE TRUTH, DREDD REALIZES. HE'S TOO OBSTINATE.
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE ANDERSON NOW.


PERJURE HIMSELF.
YOU'RE RIGHT. TARJAY WAS MY PARTNER.

"WE WERE WORKING THE CLONE RANSOM MONEY RUN. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE CLEAN AND SIMPLE.
"BUT HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME.
"BY THE TIME I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, HE'D FOUND HIMSELF A BLACK MARKET D-JUMP MACHINE
"ANDERSON WAS ONTO BOTH OF US. SHE FOUND HIM FIRST, AND NOTIFIED ME AS A PROFESSIONAL COURTESY, NOTHING MORE
"THAT'S WHEN THE MENTALINK DROPPED
BUT, OF COURSE, IT ALREADY WAS.
"NOW SEND HER BACKUP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!"

HE DID THIS TO ANDERSON, HE TELLS H.MSELF
ALLOWED HER TO GO IN ALONE, TO HER DEATH.
THE CASE COULDN'T BE MORE CLEAR, CHIEF JUSTICE. I HAVE HIS CONFESSION .N HAND.
I HOPE YOU AND THE COUNCIL W.LL AGREE TH S IS THE ONLY POSS B.E OUTCOME
DREDD IS BARELY LISTEN NG AS THE JNAN·MOUS VERD.CT IS DELIVERED: GUILTY.
SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF H S LIFE DOING RELENTLESS HARD LABOR N THE PENAL COLONY ON THE T TAN MOON A B LLION K.LOMETRES FROM EARTH.
THAT IS CONSIDERED JUSTICE FOR THOSE FOUND TO BETRAY THE BADGE.
Processing..
Processing..
Processing..

A FEW DAYS AFTER DREDD'S SENTENCE, A STRANGE PSYCHIC BLAST OVERWHELMS THE ENTIRE PSI DIVISION.
DREDD
DEAD

WHERE'S ANDERSON?
UM...
...ISN'T SHE STILL ON SLAB ELEVEN?
HAVE THESE CRIME SCENES BEEN COMPROMISED? WE RECEIVED A PSYCHIC MESSAGE THAT ALLEGEDLY CAME FROM HER.
THERE WAS A WEIRD LITTLE BRAIN ACTIVITY SPIKE, BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS A GLITCH...
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. NOT WITHOUT SOMEONE PARTIALLY REVIVING HER.
NO ONE ELSE HAS ACCESS. I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE!
EVERYBODY ELSE IS [redacted]...
...
...MORGUE ATTENDANT NICK COUTOURE IS TELLING THE TRUTH.
SO HOW CAN THIS BE?

WELL, LOOK AT THIS. THOSE WHO JUDGE THE JUDGES, COMMITTING A CRIME..
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?!
KEN BRUEN
A NOVEL
ONCE WERE COPS
THEY OUTLAWED POLICE PROCEDURAL NOVELS LAST CENTURY
WHO ARE YOU?!
KEN BRUEN
ONCE WERE COPS
NOT A FAN.
BOOF
I PREFER THE REAL THING.

JP, DREDD.
YOU'RE NOT HEADED OFF-WORLD JUST YET.
THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER JUDGE KILLING.
ONE OF MY OWN THIS TIME. BUT OF COURSE YOU KNEW THAT ALREADY.
FUNNY DIDN'T TH NK YOU WERE THE PAYBACK TYPE.
BUT CLEARLY YOU'RE STILL IN TOUCH WITH YOUR FORMER PARTNER. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE ANOTHER MIND-DIGGER IN YOUR EMPLOY.
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DROKKING MIND!
WE'LL TALK AGAIN SOON.
DREDD IS BEING TAKEN TO THE BYBEE ROOM. I WANT YOU STANDING GUARD N FRONT OF THIS CELL. NO ONE, AND I MEAN NO ONE, ENTERS.
JUDGE?
NO ONE OUTS DE TH S DEPARTMENT CAN KNOW THAT DREDD IS GONE. UNDERSTOOD?
"IT'S FOR TH GOOD OF THE CITY."

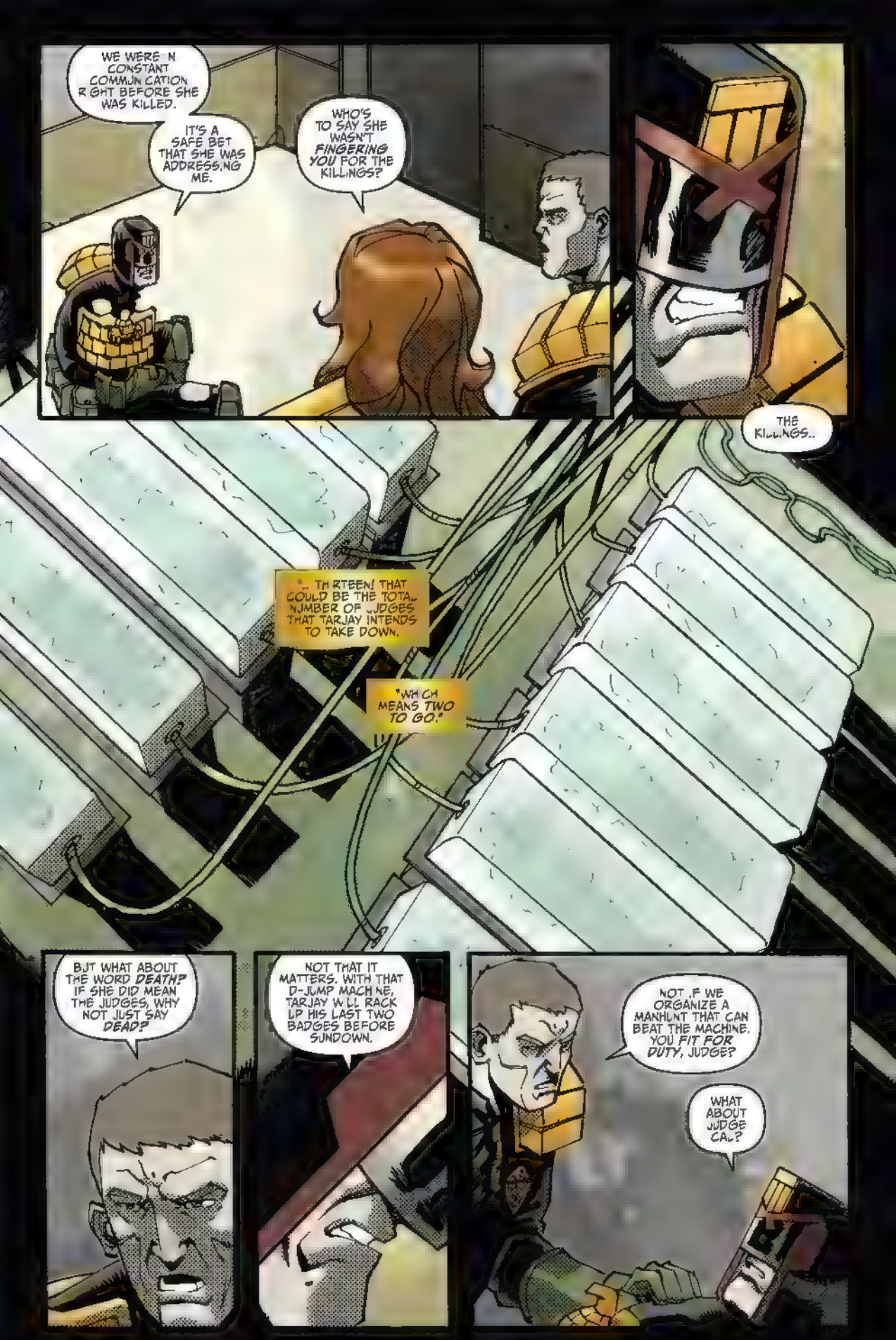
WE SHOULD PULL HIM OUT. IT'S BEEN CLOSE TO TEN MINUTES, JUDGE...
INDULGE ME A FEW MORE.
AAAAHHHHHHH! AAAAAHHHHHHH! AAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!
I SHOULD CONGRATULATE YOU, DREDD. NO ONE'S EVER MADE IT PAST A MINUTE WITHOUT—
JUDGE CAL, MY APOLOGIES..
THERE ARE SOME PSI-JUDGES HERE TO SEE YOU.
HURRRK
DID YOU SAY THEY WERE PSI DIVISION?
WE CALL IT THE VEIL OF TRUTH. FAIRLY SURE IT'S A LIVING ORGANISM. MOST DEFINITELY ALIEN IN ORIGIN.
SERVES LITTLE PURPOSE, SAVE FOR AMPING UP THE PAIN CENTERS OF ITS HOST WHILE SOMEHOW KEEPING ITS VITAL ORGANS FUNCTIONING
KEEP THEM IN THE INTERVIEW AREA, NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY.
AND SUMMON JUDGE ZWATSK.. IMMEDIATELY.

JUDGES OMAR AND KARYN, TH S IS MY ASSOC.ATE, JUDGE ZWATSK..
FORGET THE FORMALIT ES. YOU KEPT JS WAIT NG LONG ENOUGH. WE NEED TO SPEAK WITH JUDGE DREDD IMMEDIATELY!
YOU MEAN JOSEPH DREDD, FORMER JUDGE?
SORRY, THAT IS NOT A POSSIBILITY.
...DON'T JNDERSTAND .. LIKE TRY NG TO SCAN A PAV.NG BLOCK...
KEEP TRYING.
FINE. LET'S PUT OUR CARDS ON THE TAB.E. WE RECEIVED A FINAL, DYING MESSAGE FROM JUDGE ANDERSON.
WE BELIEVE DREDD CAN HELP US D SCERN THE MEANING OF THIS MESSAGE AND HELP US CAPTURE THE FJGITIVE TAR.AY.
LET ME SEE IF I JNDERSTAND THIS.. YOU WANT ME TO APPROVE THE TRANSMISSION OF A MESSAGE FROM A DEAD CONSPIRATOR TO A LIVING CONSPIRATOR?

YOU'RE NOT JUST GOING TO DRAG ANDERSON'S NAME THROUGH THE STOMM!
...HE MUST BE USING AN INERTIAL TO BLOCK ME...
UNDERSTOOD.
EVEN IN DEATH, SHE'S TRYING TO STOP A KILLER AND YOU WANT TO STAND IN THE WAY OF THAT?
AT BEST, SHE FAILED TO CAPTURE THE KILLER.
BUT I SUSPECT SHE WAS FUNDAMENTAL IN COVERING UP THIS CONSPIRACY. AND YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I'VE SHARED THESE SUSPICIONS WITH THE CHIEF JUDGE.
DO YOU WISH TO EXPLAIN TO THE CHIEF JUDGE WHY YOU HAVE AN INERTIAL IN YOUR EMPLOY?
ONLY ONE REASON TO KEEP SOMEONE LIKE HIM CLOSE TO SOMEONE LIKE YOU.
SO WHAT ARE YOU HOPING, JUDGE CAL? WE'LL TURN IT UP EVENTUALLY...
..
...I'LL HAVE DREDD BROUGHT OUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

GET HIM TO THE SPRAYING HOOK. WE NEED TO MOVE FAST!
SPRAY MORE OF THE FALSCHUNG-FLEISCH™ AROUND HIS GENITALS!
STOP INDULGING YOUR CREEPY LITTLE FETISH AND CONCENTRATE ON THE FACE AND HANDS! THE UNIFORM WILL COVER UP THE WORST OF IT.
HURRY THE DROKK UP!
.....CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY DID TO HIM...
DEAL WITH IT LATER... ANSWERS FIRST.

DREDD
HOW...
...HOW CAN THIS BE? YOU SAID YOU RECEIVED THIS JUST A FEW HOURS AGO?
THERE'S A THEORY THAT RIGHT BEFORE SHE WAS SHOT, SHE ATTEMPTED TO SEND A DEPARTMENT-WIDE PSI-BLAST.
NOT UNHEARD OF, BUT DEFINITELY TO BE USED SPARINGLY.
IT MEANS A PSI-JUDGE IS SOUNDING THE ALARM FOR THE WORST POSSIBLE KIND OF THREAT.
"FOR SOME REASON, THAT MESSAGE WAS DELAYED UNTIL THIS MORNING."


WE WERE IN CONSTANT COMMUNICATION RIGHT BEFORE SHE WAS KILLED.
IT'S A SAFE BET THAT SHE WAS ADDRESSING ME.
WHO'S TO SAY SHE WASN'T FINGERING YOU FOR THE KILLINGS?
THE KILLINGS..
"... THIRTEEN! THAT COULD BE THE TOTAL NUMBER OF JUDGES THAT TARJAY INTENDS TO TAKE DOWN.
"WHICH MEANS TWO TO GO."
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WORD DEATH? IF SHE DID MEAN THE JUDGES, WHY NOT JUST SAY DEAD?
NOT THAT IT MATTERS. WITH THAT D-JUMP MACHINE, TARJAY WILL RACK UP HIS LAST TWO BADGES BEFORE SUNDOWN.
NOT IF WE ORGANIZE A MANHUNT THAT CAN BEAT THE MACHINE. YOU FIT FOR DUTY, JUDGE?
WHAT ABOUT JUDGE CAL?

"I'LL DEAL WITH CAL. YOU JUST BE READY TO STRIKE WHEN WE PIN DOWN YOUR PERP"
THE PSI DIVISION IS PROHIBITED FROM USING THE POPULATION OF MEGA-CITY ONE LIKE A *HIVE MIND*.
HOWEVER, JUDGE OMAR DECIDED TO *IGNORE THAT PROHIBITION* FOR THE TIME BEING.
FOUND HIM.
DREDD! WE HAVE TARJAY! SECTOR 76, WEINER BLOCK!
ON IT.

YOU'RE GOING DOWN, TARJAY!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
DEATH IS COMING, DREDD!
SKUTCH
PANG
ZZZ
DREDD, SORRY FOR THAT EARLIER REPORT—*FALSE LEAD*. HE'S ACTUALLY IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MORGUE! THERE ARE STREET JUDGES EN ROUTE..
NO. YOU WERE DEAD-ON. HE'S INJURED. DON'T TAKE HIM OUT UNTIL I GET THERE.
WHAT IF HE *D-JUMPS* AGAIN?

"HE WON'T."
END OF THE LINE, TARJAY. NO MORE RUNNING.
YOU'RE GOING TO EXPLAIN THE POINT OF THESE MURDERS, IN DETAIL.
BETTER TO SHOW THAN TELL, DREDD.
BLORCH
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE PSYCHIC TO READ THE QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S MINDS.
WHY?

HANG ON A MINUTE!
WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS FOR ANDERSON'S SAKE, AND FOR YOURS.
AND I'M GOING TO NAIL CAL FOR WHAT HE D D TO YOU. THAT STOMM AIN'T RIGHT
FOCUS ON CLEAR NG ANDERSON'S NAME.

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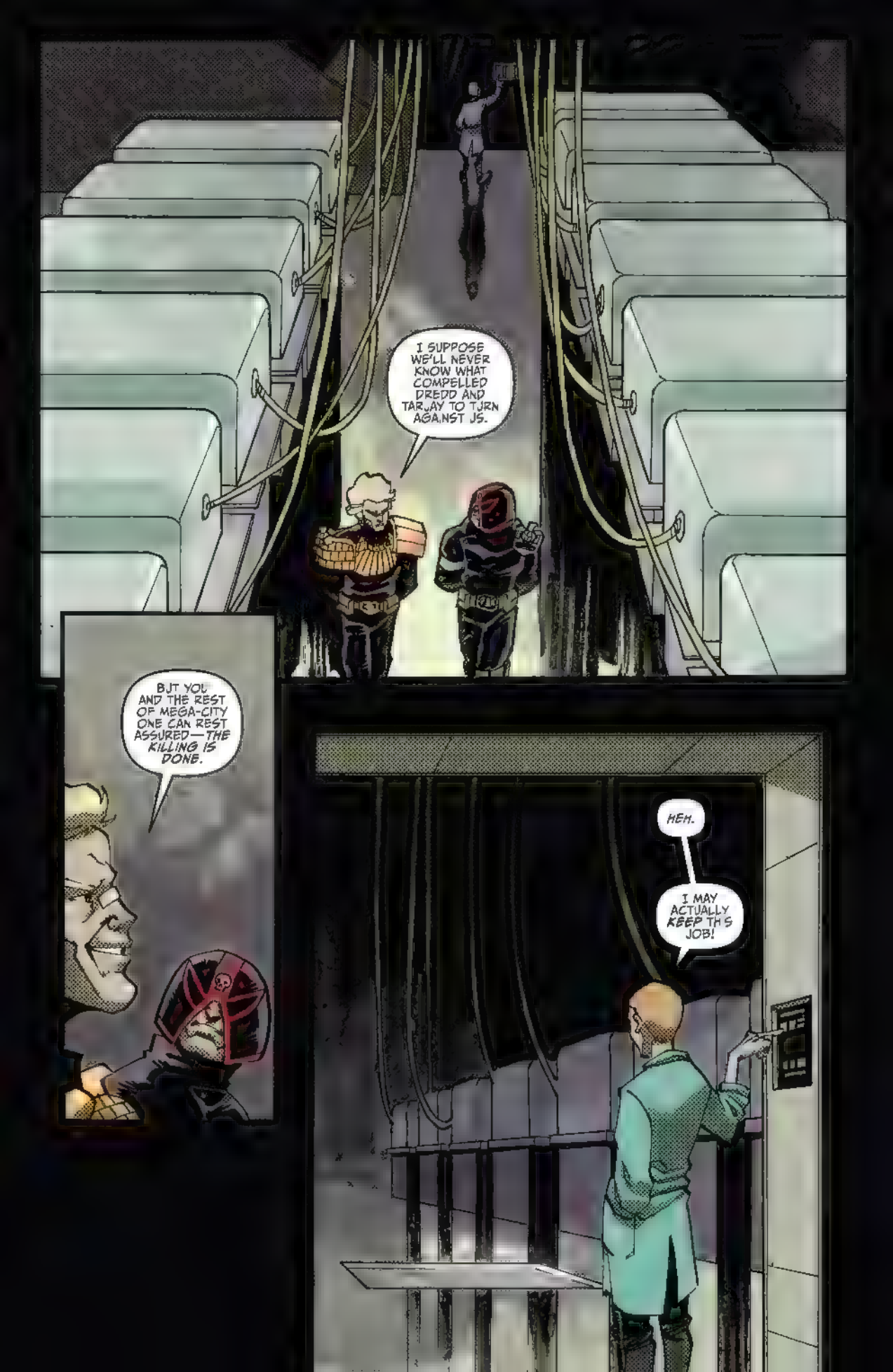

I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT COMPELLED DREDD AND TAR.AY TO TJRN AGA.NST JS.
BJT YOU AND THE REST OF MEGA-CITY ONE CAN REST ASSURED—THE KILLING IS DONE.
HEH.
I MAY ACTUALLY KEEP TH S JOB!

Processing...
Processing...
Processing...

SLURK SLURK SLURK

SLURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRK

CHUK CHUK CHUK

Processing 100% complete
Dark fluid initiated.

SLURK SLURK

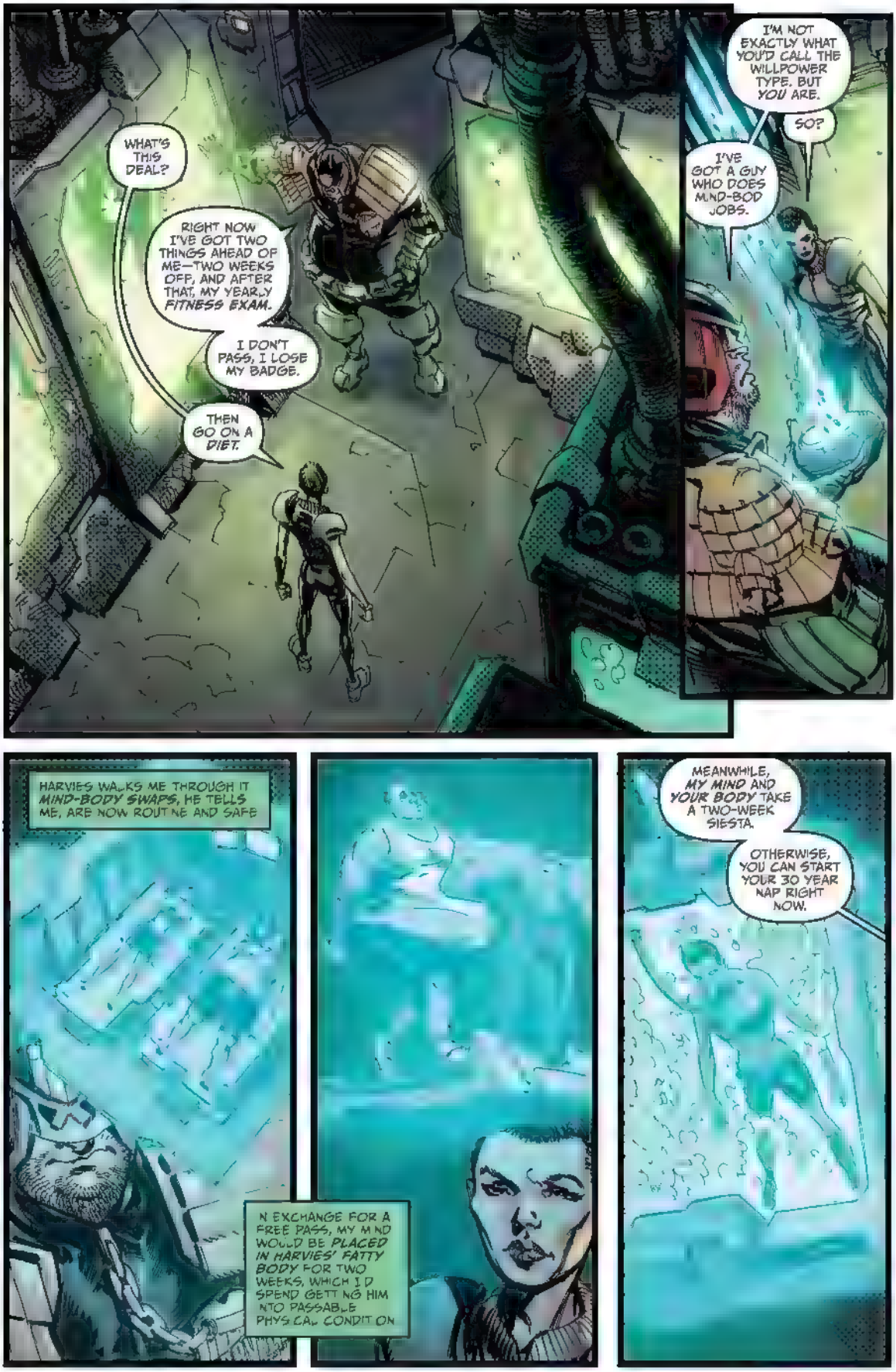
FLOOOOSH

Cryo stac s at 80°. prepar ng for h.bernation.

SHIK SHIK SHIK SHIK

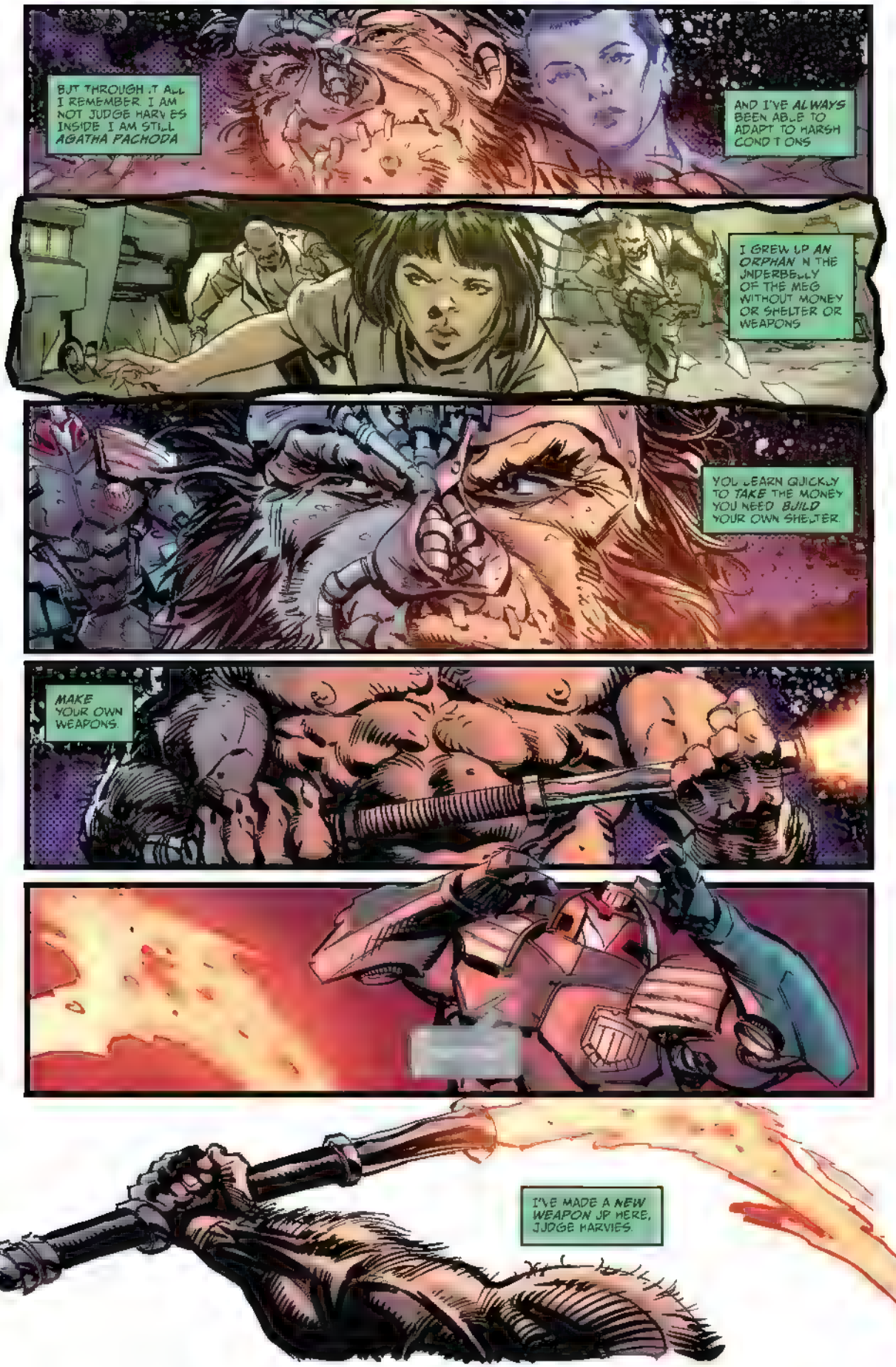
OH YESSSSSS!
DEATH
NEXT: THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH!

MY NAME S PACHODA.
REMEMBER THAT- PACHODA. IT'S IMPORTANT.
AGATHA PACHODA, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MULTIPLE COUNTS OF FELONY THEFT AND BODY-SHARKING.
THE MAN POINTING H S WEAPON AT ME IS JUDGE HARVIES AND HE HAS ME DEAD TO RIGHTS
THIS IS IMPORTANT, TOO
...
...AREN'T YOU GOING TO ASK FOR MY PLEA?
NO.
I'VE GOT A DEAL IN M.ND.
ONLY CORRUPT JUDGES OFFER "DEALS"
WE NEED SOMEPLACE PR.VATE HOW ABOUT YOUR PLACE?
BJT SINCE I'M FACING AT LEAST 30 YEARS IN ISO-CUBE T ME I CAN'T AFFORD TO NOT HEAR HIM OUT.

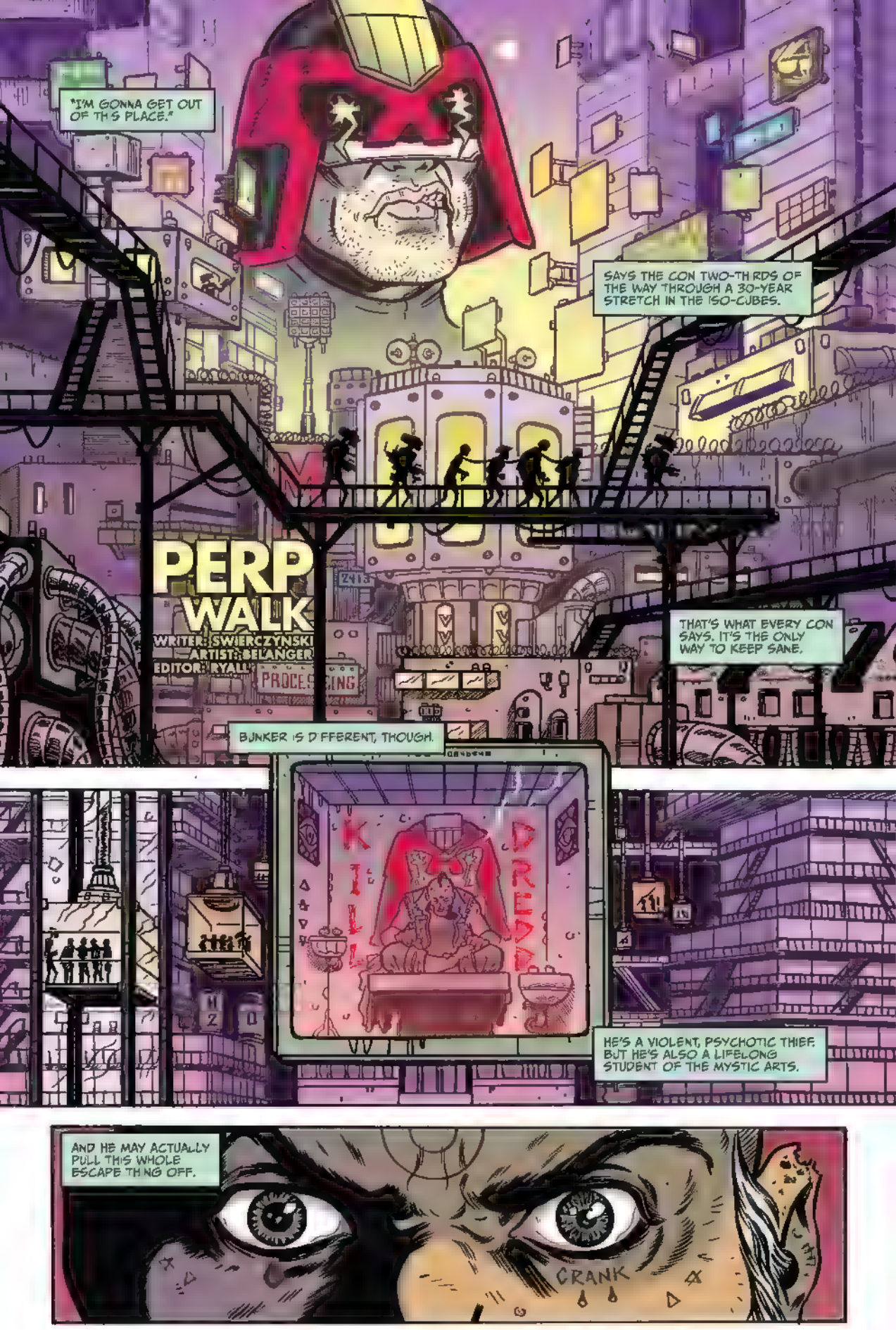

WHAT'S THIS DEAL?
RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TWO THINGS AHEAD OF ME—TWO WEEKS OFF, AND AFTER THAT, MY YEARLY FITNESS EXAM.
I DON'T PASS, I LOSE MY BADGE.
THEN GO ON A DIET.
I'M NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D CALL THE WILLPOWER TYPE. BUT YOU ARE.
SO?
I'VE GOT A GUY WHO DOES MIND-BOD JOBS.
HARVIES WALKS ME THROUGH IT MIND-BODY SWAPS, HE TELLS ME, ARE NOW ROUTINE AND SAFE
IN EXCHANGE FOR A FREE PASS, MY MIND WOULD BE PLACED IN HARVIES' FATTY BODY FOR TWO WEEKS, WHICH I'D SPEND GETTING HIM INTO PASSABLE PHYSICAL CONDITION
MEANWHILE, MY MIND AND YOUR BODY TAKE A TWO-WEEK SIESTA.
OTHERWISE, YOU CAN START YOUR 30 YEAR NAP RIGHT NOW.

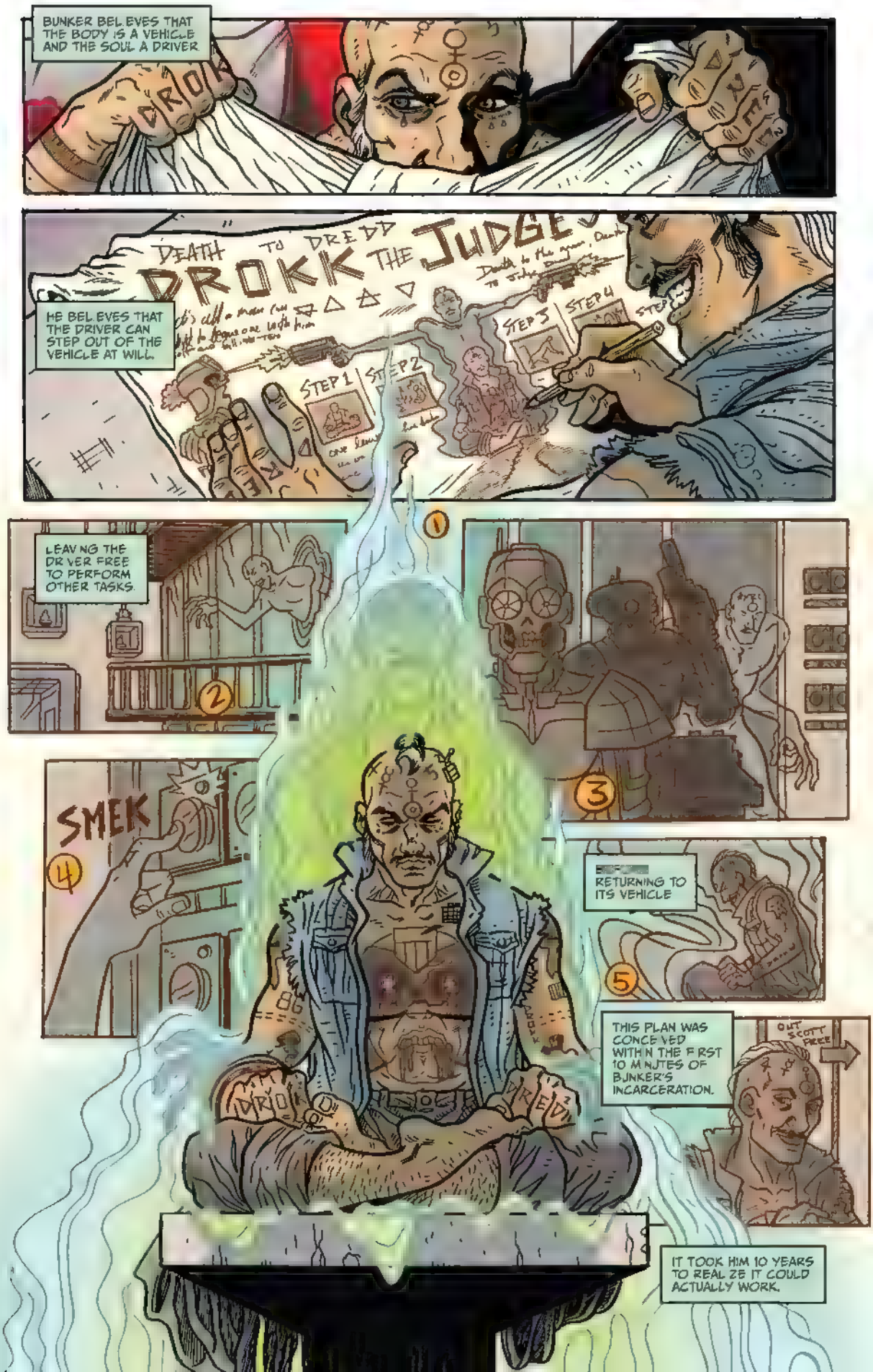
YOU MIGHT THINK ME DESPERATE TO TAKE A DEAL LIKE THAT, AND YEAH, I GUESS I WAS.
BUT MY CHOICE WAS SPENDING TWO WEEKS EXERCISING VS. THIRTY YEARS IN AN ISO-CUBE. GO AHEAD TELL ME WHAT YOU'D CHOOSE
ONLY, JUDGE HARVIES LEFT OUT ONE TINY DETAIL.
NAMELY THAT HE WAS WANTED BY THE SJS ON A HOST OF UGLY CORRUPTION CHARGES.
TRYING TO EXPLAIN DID ME NO FAVORS. THE JUDGES ASSUMED I WAS FEIGNING MENTAL ILLNESS TO AVOID SENTENCING
I CAN ONLY ASSUME THAT HOURS BEFORE HARVIES--IN MY BODY--DISAPPEARED INTO THE UNDERWORLD..
LEAVING ME TO DEAL WITH HIS LIFE SENTENCE ON TITAN, THE HELLISH PRISON MOON OF SATURN.

INMATES—EVERY ONE OF THEM DISGRACED JUDGES—ARE FORCED TO WORK *WITHOUT* SPACESUITS.
INSTEAD, OUR BOD ES ARE *"MODIFIED"* TO BE AB..E TO DEAL WITH THE HARSH CONDIT.ONS.
MODIF CAT ONS OR NOT, I HAVE SER OUS CONCERNS THAT THE SLIGHTEST EXERT.ON WOULD CAUSE MY NEW *HEART TO EXPLODE.*
MAK.NG MINE THE SHORTEST L FE SENTENCE N T TAN HISTORY.
I WAS STUCK IN TWO PRISONS—THE PENAL COLONY OF TITAN.
ZZZZ
AND THE *FLABBY FLESH OF JUDGE HARVIES.*

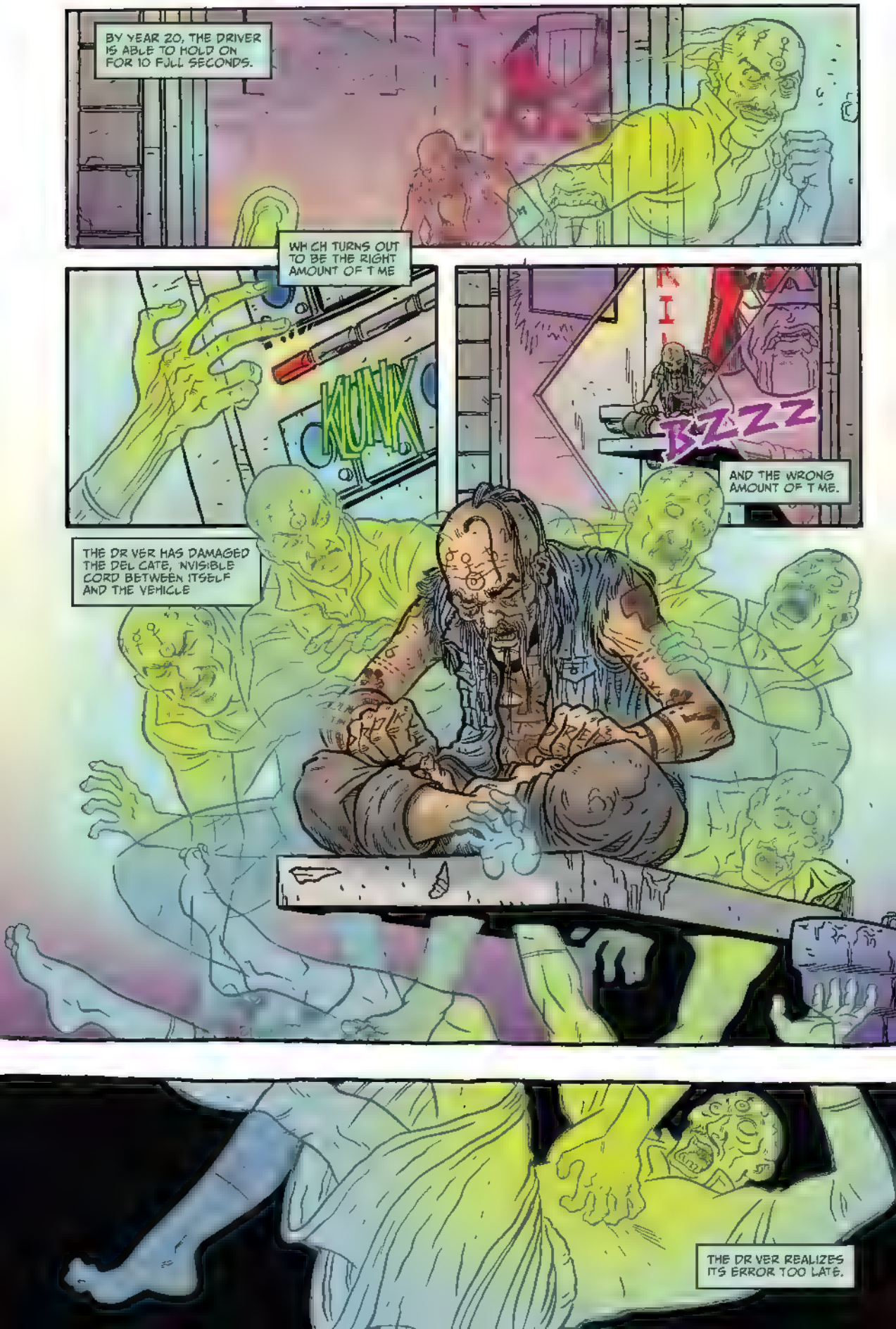

BUT THROUGH IT ALL I REMEMBER. I AM NOT JUDGE HARVIES INSIDE I AM STILL AGATHA PACHODA
AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO ADAPT TO HARSH CONDITIONS
I GREW UP AN ORPHAN IN THE UNDERBELLY OF THE MEG WITHOUT MONEY OR SHELTER OR WEAPONS
YOU LEARN QUICKLY TO TAKE THE MONEY YOU NEED BUILD YOUR OWN SHELTER.
MAKE YOUR OWN WEAPONS.
I'VE MADE A NEW WEAPON UP HERE, JUDGE HARVIES.

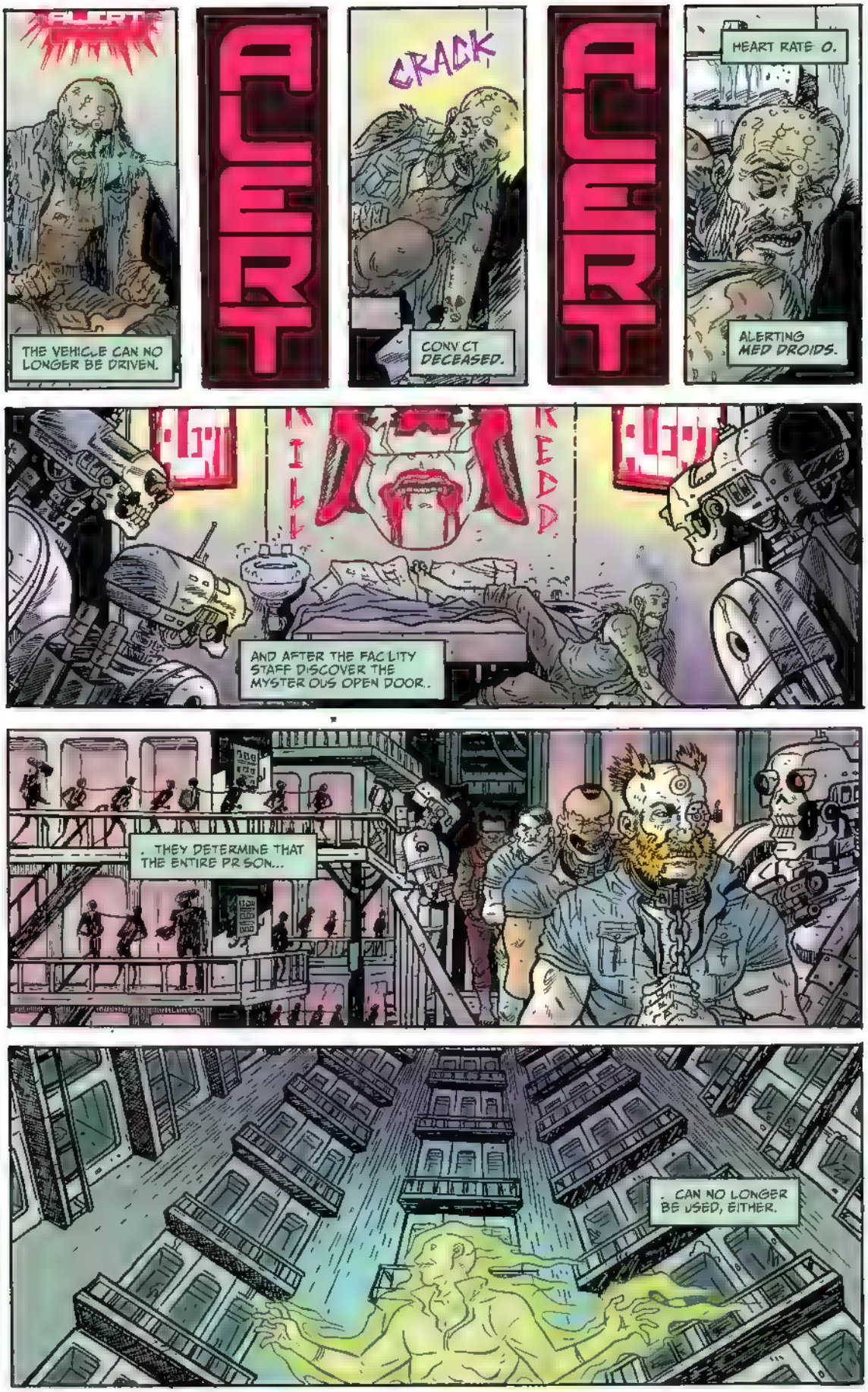
SIX EARTH-MONTHS LATER...
A WEAPON FORGED FROM THE TIRED, OBESE WRECK YOU FORCED ON ME.
SO WHEN I GET BACK TO EARTH SOMEDAY YOU AND ME?
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A NEW DEAL
HARSH CONDITIONS
WRITER: CZYNSKI
ARTIST:
COLORIST: WNER
EDITOR:


"I'M GONNA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE."
SAYS THE CON TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY THROUGH A 30-YEAR STRETCH IN THE ISO-CUBES.
PERP WALK
WRITER: SWIERCZYNSKI
ARTIST: BELANGER
EDITOR: RYALL
THAT'S WHAT EVERY CON SAYS. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP SANE.
BUNKER IS DIFFERENT, THOUGH.
KILL
DREAD
HE'S A VIOLENT, PSYCHOTIC THIEF. BUT HE'S ALSO A LIFELONG STUDENT OF THE MYSTIC ARTS.
AND HE MAY ACTUALLY PULL THIS WHOLE ESCAPE THING OFF.
CRANK


BUNKER BELIEVES THAT THE BODY IS A VEHICLE AND THE SOUL A DRIVER.
DROK
DEATH TO DREDD
DROKK THE JUDGE
HE BELIEVES THAT THE DRIVER CAN STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE AT WILL.
STEP 1
STEP 2
STEP 3
STEP 4
LEAVING THE DRIVER FREE TO PERFORM OTHER TASKS.
1
2
3
SMEK
4
RETURNING TO ITS VEHICLE
5
THIS PLAN WAS CONCEIVED WITHIN THE FIRST 10 MINUTES OF BUNKER'S INCARCERATION.
OUT SCOTT FREE
IT TOOK HIM 10 YEARS TO REALIZE IT COULD ACTUALLY WORK.

THE FIRST FIVE YEARS... THE DRIVER REMAINS IN THE VEHICLE.
AND FOR MOST OF THE NEXT FIVE... THE DRIVER REMAINS IN THE VEHICLE.
BEFORE BUT THEN AROUND THE DAWN OF THE TENTH...
...THE DRIVER...
FOUR
...STEPS OUT.
OVER THE NEXT FIVE YEARS BUNKER CONCENTRATES UNTIL THE DRIVER CAN EXIST OUTSIDE OF THE VEHICLE FOR THREE, FOUR, THEN FIVE FULL SECONDS.


BY YEAR 20, THE DRIVER IS ABLE TO HOLD ON FOR 10 FULL SECONDS.
WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF TIME
KUNK
BZZZZ
AND THE WRONG AMOUNT OF TIME.
THE DRIVER HAS DAMAGED THE DELICATE, INVISIBLE CORD BETWEEN ITSELF AND THE VEHICLE
THE DRIVER REALIZES ITS ERROR TOO LATE.


ALERT
THE VEHICLE CAN NO LONGER BE DRIVEN.
ALERT
CRACK
CONVICT DECEASED.
ALERT
HEART RATE: 0.
ALERTING MED DROIDS.
KILL
KEDD
AND AFTER THE FACILITY STAFF DISCOVER THE MYSTERIOUS OPEN DOOR..
. THEY DETERMINE THAT THE ENTIRE PRISON...
. CAN NO LONGER BE USED, EITHER.

THE DRIVER REFUSES TO BELIEVE THIS IS IT
THAT THIS IS HIS ETERNAL PRISON.
WITH NO HOPE OF RELEASE
THE CON, WITH A NEWFOUND RESOLVE, TELLS HIMSELF:
"I'M GONNA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE."
AND WE BELIEVE HIM.
WE ALL DO, EVENTUALLY.
END.

ART BY **BRENDAN McCARTHY**

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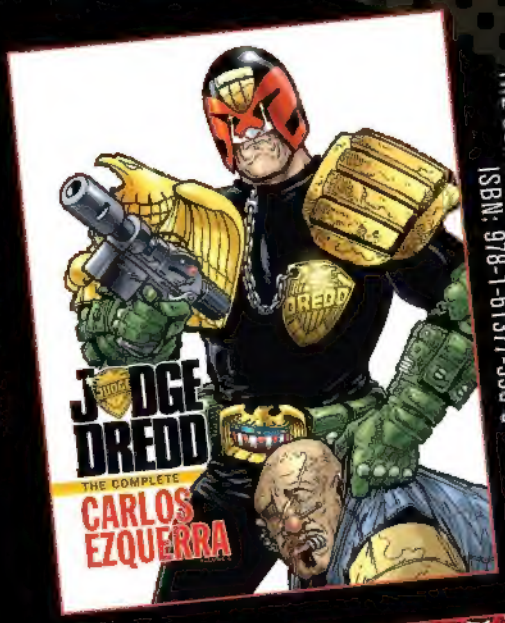

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